



CHINA MAIL



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Comment Of The Day

FILM AWARDS

HONGKONG has established its fame at various times as a trading centre, as a tourist mecca, as a refuge for refugees and as an industrial state. But today its fame has earned it a new prominence. Not only are we now the fourth biggest film makers in the world, but the Colony has brought off a notable achievement by winning the best film and best actress awards at the Asian Film Festival, Miss Lin Dai, the best actress at last year's Festival is also the star of this year's award winning film, Shaw Brothers' "The Kingdom and the Beauty."

Local film-makers and stars can take considerable pride in their achievements. Competition from Japan particularly is strong. This country is distinguished itself in the big international festivals and is also today's top film maker, producing even more than Hollywood. Hongkong's triumph is therefore no mean feat and the winners deserve the Colony's congratulations.

FOR a city that is often described as materialistic, the achievement is more noteworthy. But as Mr. L. G. Morgan, deputy director of Education, pointed out on Thursday the man of business and the artist have much in common: both, he said, are "dynamic, progressive, consumed by the urge to explore new forms and tear the veil a little further asunder." In the link between the two may lie the reason for Hongkong's success.

The cinema is not only an art form but an industry. And it is undoubtedly very hot competition that has forged such a prolific and versatile industry. The people here are not only creative in an artistic sense but good businessmen to boot. That such an honour rests with Hongkong film studios is due partly to the luck we had ten years ago in attracting many top-line professionals from China, and partly to the stable government we enjoy today which encourages overseas Chinese film makers to make the most of our natural talents.

NILE RIVER TRAGEDY

Heavy Loss Of Life Feared After Excursion Steamer Sinks

Cairo, May 8.

A river steamer, jammed with hundreds of holidaying government employees and their families, sank in the River Nile near Qalyub, 10 miles north of Cairo today.

At least 11 people were known dead.

DONATION FOR TIBETAN REFUGEES

Washington, May 8. The American Red Cross announced today that it had donated \$5,000 to the Indian Red Cross Society for help to Tibetan refugees being cared for in India.

The American Red Cross said that the Tibetans will be cared for at a camp now being established on the Assam border.

The Indian Red Cross is already providing food, clothing and medical supplies, it was said.—U.P.I.

China's Tax Gesture To Tibetans

Tokyo, May 8. Communist China, in an apparent move to win popular support in revolt-torn Tibet, reported today that farmers in the Lhasa area will not have to pay any tax this year.

The New China News Agency, in a special dispatch from the Tibetan capital, said the no-tax policy was laid down by the Lhasa Military Control Commission.

The principle is, the agency reported, that "those who till the land shall enjoy all they reap, without having to deliver any public grain or pay any tax this year."—U.P.I.

Officials said between 150 and 200 of the 350 men, women and children aboard the steamer were believed missing but confusion in the area made accounting for lives virtually impossible.

The exact cause of the sinking is not known. Police reported that the boiler burst and the vessel then caught fire, but investigations are still going on.

It threatened to be the biggest Nile River tragedy in recent years.

Excursion

Twenty-six people were taken to hospital at Qalyub, a small town at the head of the Nile Delta, which leads to the Mediterranean.

Progeny equipped with aqua-lungs and fins were still probing the river's murky waters for bodies at nightfall while mourners waited for the dead and missing on the sandy shores.

Army medical and service units also joined in the rescue operation.

The Dandara, a Ministry of Works steamer, was on a Friday sabbath excursion when it sank.

United Arab Republic President Gamal Abdel Nasser was believed to be spending the day at a Barrage Rest House not far from the disaster scene.

Central Government Interior Minister Zakaria Moheidine directed an investigation into the sinking from Qalyub, where the rescue operation centred.

Five other government ministers were probing the disaster on the spot.—U.P.I.

'Hiroshima' Film At Cannes

Cannes, May 8. The most-discussed film of the Cannes International Film Festival—"Hiroshima My Love"—today won loud applause at its first presentation.

The film was shown in the festival only as an out-of-competition entry.—A.P.

Warning On 'Wild Easterns' To Asian Film Makers

Kuala Lumpur, May 8. Chairman of the International Judges Panel in the sixth Asian Film Festival today advised producers against making "wild Easterns."

Khoo, chairman of the Malaysian External Affairs Ministry, spoke at the festival closing ceremony on the 50 miles of film (the panel viewed altogether).

He commented on a tendency in some films to show

violence.

Khoo Ghazali said: "A number of pictures produced a great deal of blood and thunder. This may be good box-office attraction but it does not truly portray the real world of Asia."

Khoo said one film had the typical cowboy challenge to a fact draw that I was watching a Western.

He added: "I can see the danger that our Asian films of that category would run

day be stamped 'The Wild Easterns.'"

He criticized lack of attention to details and spelling bowlers in English subtitles to vernacular dialogue films.

But he said: "There is indeed no shortage of talents in Asia both in the fields of comedy and serious drama."

"Direction, photography, editing, recording, music and scenario were of the highest quality comparable to any in the world."—Reuter.

HERTER LEAVES FOR GENEVA TALKS

Washington, May 8.

Mr. Christian Herter, the Secretary of State, left for the Geneva Foreign Ministers conference today declaring that he was going in a spirit of negotiation but his expectations for success were "not too high."

Mr. Herter, in speaking to reporters at the airport, declined to speculate about the meeting of the three Western Foreign Ministers with the Soviet Foreign Minister would lead to a summit meeting.

The Secretary of State, who is due to a four-hour stop in Bonn tomorrow on his way to Geneva, was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Sincere Spirit

He said reporters: "I am going in a hopeful spirit, but my expectations for the success of that conference are not too high."

"We are going in a sincere spirit of negotiation."

"We feel that the negotiations might lead to lasting peace in Europe. With that intent, we intend to negotiate."

Mr. Herter went on: "However, past experience in negotiations with the Soviet Union shows that a tremendous amount of patience is required and even long negotiations do not necessarily lead to a successful outcome."

"However, as I say, we leave in a hopeful feeling..."—Reuter.

Munich, May 8. By 1970 manned aircraft would be capable of speeds of about 17,500 miles an hour—comparable with those of present earth satellites—according to Dr. Eugen Saenger, West Germany's top rocket expert today.

—Reuter.

CHURCHILL IN NEW YORK FOR LONG WEEKEND

New York, May 8.

Sir Winston Churchill flew here from Washington today to visit an old friend, Bernard Baruch, before returning to London on Sunday.

The 84-year-old former Prime Minister, who spent four days in the capital, arrived here aboard President Eisenhower's plane, the Columbine III.

He was accompanied on the flight by Mr. Baruch, who is 85.

They were met at Idlewild airport by James J. O'Brien, New York City deputy commissioner, and Sir Pieter Dixon, British Ambassador to the United Nations.

'Staying In'

Mr. Baruch told newsmen that they would be "just staying in" tonight at Mr. Baruch's Manhattan home.

Sir Winston and America's "Elder Statesman" first met in 1917 during World War I. They have remained close friends since.

MISSING CROWN JEWELS FOUND

New York, May 8.

The missing Austrian crown jewel—a pearl and ruby brooch—was reported found tonight.

A twenty-year-old singer, invited to the evening at Estoril-Ball last Tuesday, where the gem was reported missing by Archduchess Marie Alpbach, showed up today and said he found it on the dance floor of the Sheraton East hotel.

He explained he thought it was a piece of cheap costume jewelry and put it in his pocket.

The singer, Val Sorvino of Brooklyn, read about the loss of the crown jewel in a newspaper, telephoned the hotel and turned the brooch over for safekeeping there pending the return of the Archduchess and Archduchess from a brief Washington visit.—U.P.I.

GIRL'S HEROIC BID TO SAVE SHARK VICTIM

San Francisco, May 8.

A Roman Catholic college girl swam through bloodstained waves in San Francisco Bay today to rescue a classmate mangled by a great white shark—then baptised him as he lay dying on the beach.

Ignoring his cries of "go back, go back," 18-year-old Shirley O'Neill plunged through the sea to rescue the boy, Albert Kogler.

"It was the greatest exhibition of courage I have ever seen," said Master Sergeant Leo F. Day.

The pair were swimming only 50 yards offshore near the Golden Gate bridge when the shark attacked.

Experts identified it from toothmarks as a great white shark, about 10 feet long and weighing 800 lbs.

It was far from its normal warm water habitat.—Reuter.

MORE GAINS FOR TORIES

London, May 8.

The two final results today in the London County Council elections showed a Conservative victory in each case.

In Lewisham, represented in the House of Commons by Labour Party veteran Herbert Morrison, a former leader of the London County Council, a Conservative, Mr. Churchill, was returned for the first time in many years, thanks to a one-seat majority.

In Hampstead, where the Conservatives already had a strong hold, the situation remained unchanged, except that Labour lost a seat to the Conservatives.—A.P.

New Soviet Marshal Appointed

Moscow, May 8. General Mikhail Zakharov, officer commanding the Soviet army group in Germany, has been promoted to the rank of Marshal of the Soviet Union, the Soviet news agency Tass reported today.

The promotion was one of several decided by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, the Soviet Parliament, the agency added.

General Zakharov fought against the Germans in World War II and was deputy commander of Soviet forces in the Far East during the Korean war.

He was promoted General in 1955.

A General Zakharov was reported from Moscow to have spoken in the Central Committee of the Communist Party during the October, 1957, session at which Marshal Georgi Zhukov was dismissed from his post as Soviet Defence Minister.—Reuter.

WILL CEMENT CARGO GET THROUGH?

Tel Aviv, May 8.

Political circles today awaited with interest the arrival at the Suez Canal of the Danish freighter Inge Tof, carrying a cargo of Israeli cement for the Far East.

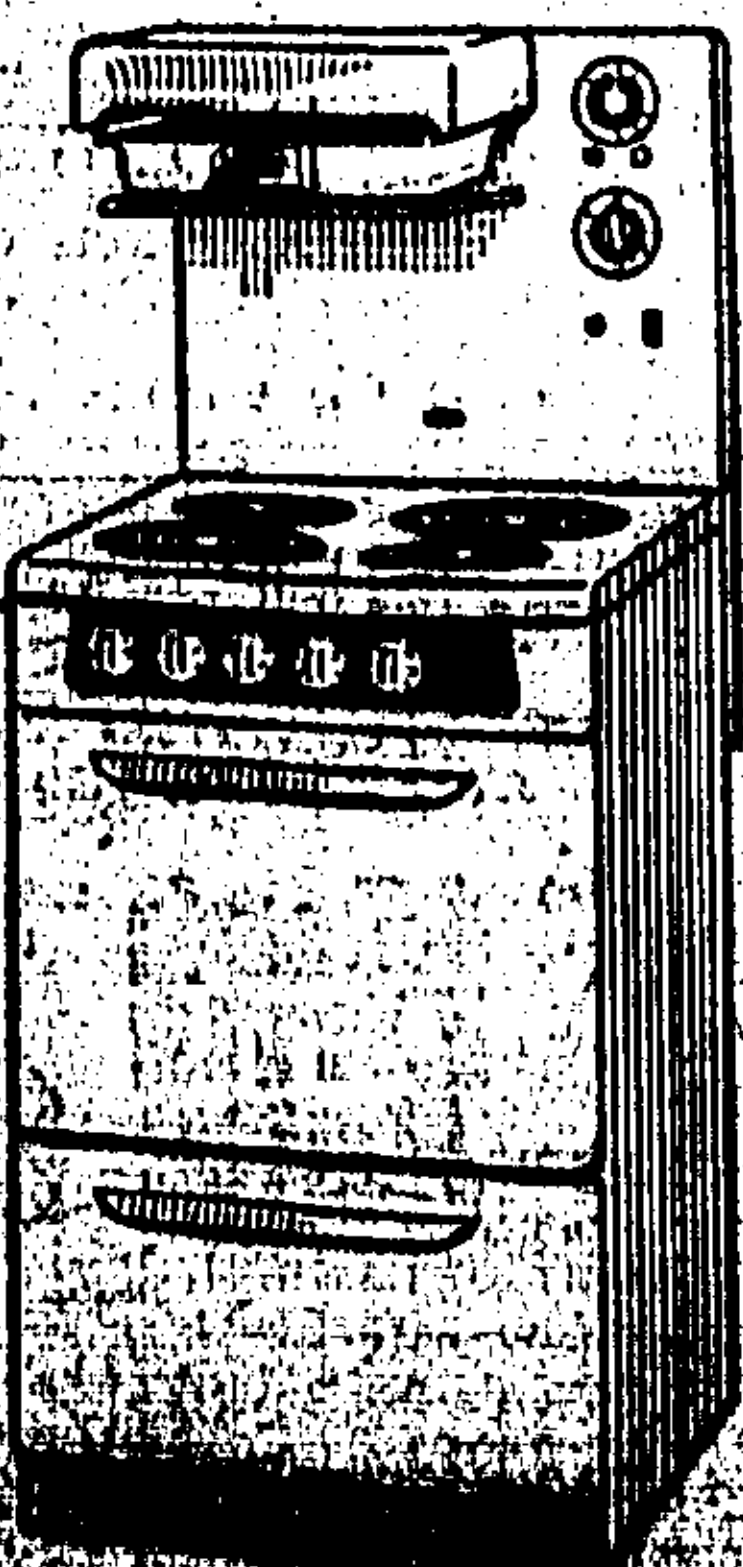
The ship is expected to arrive around May 15, and political circles wondered whether Egyptian authorities would allow the Danish vessel to pass through the canal.

The ship will be the first to enter the Canal since U.N. official Dr. Ralph Bunche discussed the Egyptian blockade against Israeli cargoes with United Arab Republic officials in Cairo.—A.P.

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plating with stainless
steel. With extra
special features.
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Lynech Victim's Mother Flees

New York, May 8. The mother of a Mississippi Negro who was kidnapped from his gator cell and killed by a lynch mob last month fled from the state because her life had been threatened, it was reported today.

Mrs. Ellen Parker, whose son, Mack Charles Parker,

23, was dragged screaming from a Poplarville, Mississippi gator cell by hooded night raiders on April 25, is in seclusion at the California home of her sister, Mrs. Lola Peters. She left Mississippi on Monday night, arriving on Wednesday.

Mrs. Parker declined to discuss her trip but her sister said she had been threatened.

"She's still scared and won't come to the telephone," said Mrs. Peters. "You can't blame her. She left because threats were made against her life."—U.P.I.

THRICE WEEKLY to



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Monday through Friday
9.00 p.m. to 9.15 p.m.

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

BOLD ADVENTURE AND FIERY ROMANCE UNDER FLAMING EASTERN SKIES!



THE BANDIT OF ZHOBE
VICTOR MATURE - ANNE AUBREY
ANTHONY NEWLEY
Directed by JOHN GILLING
CinemaScope Technicolor

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. Anthony Quinn & Sophia Loren in **"ATTILA"** in Color

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. Warner Bros. Presents **"BUGS BUNNY & VARIETY"** Technicolor Cartoons

To-morrow At 12.30 p.m. Gary Cooper & Richard Widmark & Susan Hayward in **"GARDEN OF EVIL"** in CinemaScope & Technicolor

At Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50

KING'S

SUNDAY MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. Paramount Presents **"POPEYE THE SAILOR"** Technicolor Cartoons

To-morrow At 12.15 p.m. John Wayne & Sophia Loren in **"LEGEND OF THE LOST"** in Color

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

STAR METROPOLE

2nd GLORIOUS WEEK NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ANOTHER HONORED PICTURE FROM U. A.!
Voted by "Film Daily" as ONE of THE TEN BEST of 1958!

The Best Actor of 1958, DAVID NIVEN Academy Awarded for His Role in "SEPARATE TABLES" Also Voted THE BEST ACTOR OF THE YEAR by the Hollywood Foreign Press Association.

WENDY HILLER, Oscar Awarded as THE BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS OF 1958

RITA HAYWORTH
DEBORAH KERR
DAVID NIVEN
AND BURT LANCASTER

SEPARATE TABLES

with WENDY HILLER

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. || METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m. Richard Lyster in **"THE INVISIBLE BOY"**
An M.G.M. Picture

SHEUM'S CIRCUS

Bus Terminus (Old Runway Extension, Kai Tak)
Wong Tai Sin, Kowloon City.

2 SHOWS DAILY AT 7.15 & 9.30 P.M.
3 SHOWS ON SATURDAYS & SUNDAYS

Admission: \$1.20, \$1.70, \$2.40, \$3.50 & \$4.70
Bookings: Telephone 21087

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• Spectacular!
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BRING YOUR KIDDIES!

ZOO OPENS DAILY
Admission: 20 cts.

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING by ANTHONY FULLER

SINATRA - BITTER YOUNG NOVELIST



Frank Sinatra decides to make an honest woman of Shirley Maclaine in a scene from, "Some Came Running."

"SOME CAME RUNNING," (Hoover and Gala) is another story of mixed-up types from the pen of "From Here to Eternity" James Jones.

But from all the mixed-up characters in this story, Shirley Maclaine emerges with honours. This is her film. The part is tailor cut for her; she exploits it; she worries it; she chews on it. She is the kind of small town America; a rock 'n' roll bohemian with a heart of gold and the morals of an alley cat.

There is no real plot to the story, rather does the author achieve his end by taking all sorts of characters and lumping them down in a town and permitting them to work out their own salvation or perdition. Chiefly the latter.

The time is the end of World War II. Frank Sinatra is a bitter young novelist who is disillusioned about his writing career.

He arrives in his home town with a pony hanging on. He pays her off (Shirley Maclaine) and he renounces acquaintance with the town. His brother, Arthur Kennedy and sister-in-law Laura Dana, are not pleased to see him.

From then on, as I suggested, the characters conform to type. The novel takes care of itself.

Deep calls to deep, and Sinatra finds companion-ship with Dean Martin, who is an outstanding performer of a card dealer who slices them off the bottom.

What the film is asking is, why are respectable people so nasty? And conversely, why are amoral people so nice and certainly much more interesting? Well, the film doesn't tell us, but it certainly is prejudiced in favour of the ungody.

A clever piece of character sketching has Martin Hyer, a college instructor, on the side of respectability and order. She is a type easily perceived. Sinatra knows that if he marries her, all his wildness will disappear. From then on he will be welcomed at the Country Club, he will entertain bridge parties once a week. Will soon be calling a quite unjustifiable three no trumps, and will die early of boredom.

There are one or two forgettable scenes. Frank Sinatra as the unconventional Marxist in the affairs of his niece, Betty Lou Kelm; his decision to forsake the paths of respectability and his repentance as he returns to the fold of gambler Dean Martin.

Tension is held off until the last minutes of the film when

Miss Maclaine's former gentleman friend, sometimes hoodlum, now alive with liquor and jealousy, stalks her through a fair ground.

It is a film of excellent character etching, and we know all the characters in it.

But Hollywood will not leave well alone. As if the saddest moments will not make you cry, they hit you over the head with a sentimental osh to make sure you do.

And I do not like being coshed, not even sentimentally.

★

"THE BANDIT OF ZHOBE," returns Victor Mature to the screen in an exciting if improbable tale of the Indian Northwest Frontier, during the days of the British. This exciting episode is made in Technicolor - CinemaScope, and is on show at the King's and Princess.

The situation is this. Mature is a fiery rugged tribal chieftain whose wife and child are

murdered by Thuggee raiders. The complication is, the Thuggees are disguised as British soldiers, so Mature, taking no thought at all, turns outlaw dedicated to the massacre of the British.

The film now has the chance to turn in some exciting episodes as he is the bandit hunter and is hunted in turn by the British.

Anne Aubrey, however, brings a softening influence into his life. As the daughter of a British officer in command, she points out the error of his ways.

In this highly romantic importable film, Miss Aubrey, London repertory, radio, and TV star makes a glamorous redhead heroine.

Husky Victor Mature is well cast as the muscular tribal chief, while Anthony Newley, also a Londoner co-stars with Mature as a reluctant British soldier assigned to guard Miss Aubrey.

Summing up, this is a spectacular film of adventure and romance, pleasing to all who like colour, action and excitement.

★

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOPER & GALA: "Some Came Running." Film based on novel by "From Here to Eternity" James Jones. Small town drama of a returning soldier novelist who is socially L. Frank Sinatra; Dean Martin; and Shirley Maclaine. CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Bandit of Zhobe." CinemaScope and Technicolor of drama, adventure, and romance in the days of the British on the Indian Northwest Frontier. Victor Mature; Anne Aubrey; and Anthony Newley.

LEE & ASTOR: "Sea of Sand." Excellent war film of Long Range Desert Group sent on a pre-El Alamein patrol. Realistic dialogue with tense battle scenes. Richard Attenborough; John Gregson; Michael Craig; and Vincent Ball.

COMING

HOOPER & GALA: "Night of the Quarter Moon." John De Barymore and Julie London in an unconventional story of a marriage that nearly comes to grief because of the colour problem. Agnes Moorehead is the mother who fights for her son's "freedom," and Nat King Cole and Anna Kashfi represent the negro point of view. Dean Jagger, Cathy Crosby, Jackie Coogan, and Charles Chaplin Jr. are other interesting names in the cast.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Matchmaker." Shirley Booth again in one of her inimitable character studies, this time as a designing female with a delightful habit of confiding in the audience. Shirley Maclaine stars, looking beautiful and demure as a New York milliner. And Tony Perkins plays a new kind of character for him, a naive and glib shop assistant.

LEE & ASTOR: "Sea of Sand." Excellent war film of Long Range Desert Group sent on a pre-El Alamein patrol. Realistic dialogue with tense battle scenes. Richard Attenborough; John Gregson; Michael Craig; and Vincent Ball.

Lee & Astor

TEL. 72436 (BOOKING OFFICE) TEL. 67777

SHOWING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SEA OF SAND


ACROSS FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF MERCILESS DESERT THEY LEFT A TRAIL OF GLORY! THE KANE ORGANISATION PRESENTS

STARRING: RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH, JOHN GREGSON, MICHAEL CRAIG

With THERESA DALL, Anne Ray, DEBBY VALLEY, Anne Terry, and many others in a story of love and war.

• COMING SOON •

THEY GREW INTO GIANTS AT RIO BRAVO.



JOHN WAYNE • DEAN MARTIN
RICKY NELSON • HOWARD HAYES
ANGIE DICKINSON • WALTER BRENNAN • WARD BOND

Technicolor
An M-G-M Production - Directed and Produced by HOWARD HAYES

HOOVER GALA

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★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.25 and 9.50 P.M.

Please notice owing to the length of the picture (16 reels) time of performance has been changed.

Dave...and trouble...one and the same!

FRANK SINATRA
DEAN MARTIN
SHIRLEY MACLAINE

M-G-M presents
A SOL C SIEGEL PRODUCTION
"SOME CAME RUNNING"
CinemaScope and METROCOLOR

Special Matinee To-morrow At Reduced Admission
HOOVER THEATRE AT 12.00 NOON

Tyrone Power • Marlene Dietrich • Charles Laughton in
"WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION"

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m. **M.G.M. COLOR CARTOONS**

Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m. Olivia de Havilland • Myrna Loy in **"AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER"**

CAPITOL

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

LOOK UP! LOOK AT THE STARS! AND THEN LOOK OUT!

GREGORY PECK
ANNE BAXTER
RICHARD WIDMARK

YELLOW SKY

Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN
LARRY TROTT
Produced by Larry Trutt
Written by Larry Trutt

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 11.00 a.m. **"ANIMAL FARM"**
At 12.00 p.m. Joel McCrea • Tyrone D'Carlo in **"SAN FRANCISCO STORY"**

A FREE DRINK OF "BUBBLE-UP" WILL BE GIVEN TO EVERY PATRON TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) AT 2.30, 5.30 & 7.30 P.M. PERFORMANCES

RITZ CINEMA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

It's on the screen!

God's Little Acre

ROBERT ROYAN ALDO RAY and others
TINA TURNER

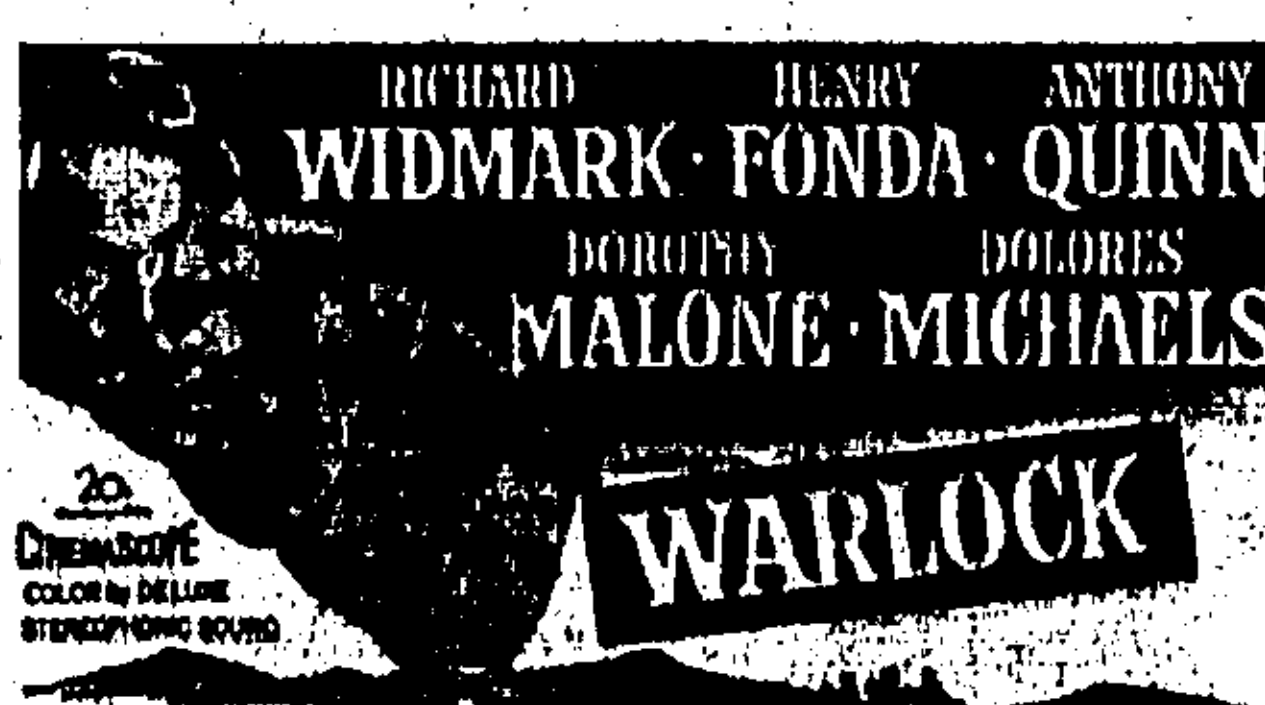
TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT REDUCED PRICES
AT 10.45 a.m. **"APPOINTMENT IN HONOLULU"**
AT 12.30 P.M. **"I'M MET BY MOONLIGHT"**

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd TRIUMPHANT WEEK NOW SHOWING THE 10th DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

The motion picture excitement you've never seen before!



RICHARD WIDMARK • HENRY FONDA • ANTHONY QUINN
DOROTHY MALONE • DOLores MICHAELS

WARLOCK

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "WARLOCK" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon 20th Century-Fox presents **"UN TAME"**
Starting: Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. M. G. M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

British Spook Spots Leave

Tourists Are No. 1 Industry In Italy

Rome. If you plan on spending a vacation in Italy this year you will become a member of a pretty important fraternity.

You and your fellow tourists will be:

● Six times more important than all the fruit exported in a year.

● Three times more important than the annual export of automobiles.

● And four times more important than all the foreign currency that all the country's emigrants worldwide send home to mother in the course of a year.

Important, that is, economically speaking.

Those who dislike being compared in economic importance to a juicy Gorilla peach or Sicilian blood oranges, can take heart in the fact that foreign tourists help to keep 500,000 Italian citizens constantly employed and indirectly provide an income for more than a million others.

The annual invasion of foreign tourists to Italy, according to the country's new ministry of tourism, has become the No. 1 industry of the nation, economically valued in the benefit of foreign currency at an estimate of 300,000,000,000 lire.

It is the equivalent of the amount of money the Italian Government annually spends on its entire education and public instruction programme.

Also it is an income for this country which is estimated officially to cover about 95 per cent of the Italian trade balance deficit.

First Time

The Italian tourist industry's economic importance was fully realized by the nation only at the end of the last year when the number of foreign visitors totalled 15,250,000, an increase of 688,000 over 1957 and an all-time record.

For the first time the great annual invasion of foreign tourists was felt in a tangibly noticeable uplift in the nation's economic welfare.

Until a few years ago tourism in Italy was a Santa Claus continued to a score of famous historic cities and seaside resorts and considered of marginal economic importance to the nation.

But in 1957 the influx of tourists swarmed into every nook and cranny of the country. For that year the increase of foreign visitors over 1956 was more than 4,500,000 rising from 10,000,000 to 14,500,000.

Italy, admitted most reports of the country's tourist bureau, was completely unprepared for the surprising increase.—U.P.I.

Haunting Memories

London.

Haunting memories are being offered American tourists in Britain this year. The British Travel Association is pushing tours of ghostly places, along with stately homes, pubs and literary landmarks, for the record 360,000 American visitors expected in Britain in 1959.

The association promises a wide assortment of spooks for the tourist who has seen everything else.

Shrouds being offered this season range from "road ghosts," such as a band of plumed cavalier specters galloping along a Scottish road, to the reigning haunt of them all—Old Queen Victoria, herself—at Windsor Castle.

A lucky ghost seeker may see Anne Boleyn's apparition riding around London in a coach some eerie midnight with her head in her lap, a red-haired spook shrieking through Macbeth's old digs at Glamis (pronounced Glamis) Castle in Scotland, or a friendly but entirely invisible fellow who breathes down the necks of visitors roaming a stately old home near Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest.

Edmund Antrobus, a leading authority on shrouds, haunts and various other scary phenomena, including billows of smoke and wall tapping, outlined what he thought would make a delightfully spine-tingling tour of Britain.

"More Ghostly"

"England is more ghostly than anywhere else," he said. "It lends itself rather nicely to the subject."

Antrobus, whose family's home near Stratford-on-Avon boasts a ghost that looks like one of cartoonist Al Capp's famous schmoos, keeps an extensive file of haunted places in his office at the British Travel Association's U.S. headquarters in New York.

He recommends the haunt enthusiast should warm up to the subject by visiting a few good ghostly places in London. There is what he calls a warm, friendly ghost of an unidentified 18th century actor haunting the balcony of the Drury Lane Theatre and kibitzing the performers.

Kenington Palace, on Hyde Park, boasts "a good reliable ghost," identified by ectoplasmic experts as the shroud of William III's wife, Mary, who died of the pox.

Hampton Court Palace, on the River Thames, 10 miles from

London has a trio of caucous female ghosts—two of them wives of Henry VIII and one a nurse.

In For Tea

Other places along Antrobus' shrouded route include: The Little Abbey Hotel, Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire, where ghosts of 12th century occupants scare the hired help half out of their wits by loafing in the public lounge at tea time.

The Coach and Horses Inn, Almondsbury, Shropshire, where a team of white horses, supposedly owned by Mary Queen of Scots, gallop about whenever the moon is full.

In Nottinghamshire, where a road ghost carrying a cart along between Langley Mill and Bulwell, menacing traffic.

At the Chapel of Nine Altars, Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, Yorkshire, where there chants a ghostly choir of monks.

At the Ferry Boat Inn, Holwell, Huntingdonshire, where the ghost of Juliet Teweale, who hanged herself 550 years ago, turns up periodically as a white-clad lady.

Antrobus said that Scotland and Cornwall are especially hospitable to apparitions, probably because of their spooky moors. The Ghost of Bodin's Moor, in Cornwall, is an outstanding shroud of this ilk, he said.

"At twilight," he continued, "there is an odd presence that causes walkers to have an urge to look over their shoulders to see if anyone is following them. The ghost of wicked steward John Tregeagle also gads about. He is chased by hounds across the moor every night."

Rare Raw Materials

Rochester, N.Y. In a single year, the Eastman Kodak Co purchased more than one million dollars' worth of each of the following: silver, wood, cellulose, coal, alcohol, cotton lint and animal hides and bones.

It also bought such items as plastic skeletons, fresh frozen pig skins, beef-cattle gallstones, prime steam lard and food for flies, all of which were used to develop the company's photographic and chemical products.—U.P.I.

It's only the new boy who doesn't know his road drill



NO ONE WANTS A DIAMOND FLOWER

New York.

Anyone want to buy a prize-winning diamond clip, the exact replica of a carnation?

It's only U.S.\$35,000, including tax, but its designer, Nadja Buckley, can't find a taker.

Mrs Buckley made the clip for the Diamonds USA awards in 1954.

One of seven of her winning designs, the clip has 100 carats of diamonds set in platinum and can be worn as a pin or on a necklace.

Each petal of the carnation is set on ball bearings so that the flower can be closed to a bud or opened to a full bloom.

"It works like an umbrella," Mrs Buckley explained.

For more than four years, the designer has tried to sell the pin.

List

She contacted customers, advertised and got a list of "billions" from a business magazine.

She wrote letters and sent pictures of the clip to every name on the list.

"Almost all answered—but they said they weren't in the market for jewellery," Mrs Buckley said.

Mrs Buckley owns a shop in Manhattan. Her customers are royalty ("What little is left"), socialites ("There's a new crop every year"), and a few actresses ("Most never fail").—U.P.I.

Cafe de Paris
Under New French Management
Le Rendez-vous de l'Elite
Offer to You: The Best Atmosphere
The Finest French Dishes
Every evening from 8 p.m.
The Finest Music with
FRENCH MUSICIAN
Eddie Bole and his Gipsy Violin
Jacques Michelet at the Piano
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8. QUEEN'S ROAD C.
HONG KONG

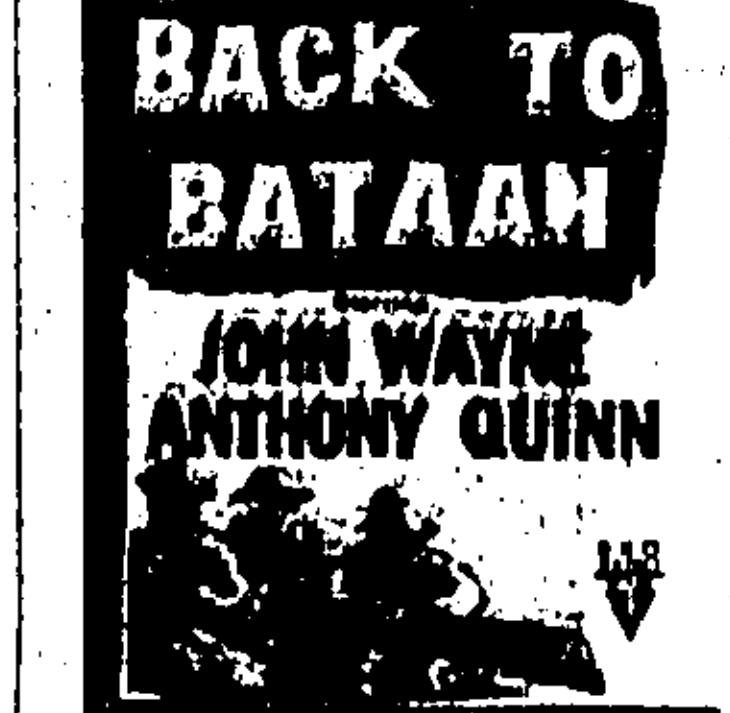
ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
Glenn FORD in
"GREEN GLOVE"

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Morning Show To-morrow
Gary COOPER in
"FRIENDLY PERSUASION"

6TH FILM FESTIVAL IN ASIA

"DARLING DAUGHTER"
winner of
BEST BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD
PHOTOGRAPHY BY:
TUNG SHAO YUNG
Produced by:
RUN RUN SHAW
Production Manager:
DOVEN CHOW

BEST PICTURE
at
SIXTH ASIAN FILM FESTIVAL
GOLDEN GONG AWARD WINNER

SPECIAL CITATION:
Li Han-chen Director
Wang Yue-hsing Screenplay
Albert Yang Chun Photography
Chiang Hsin-tung Editing
Wang Shun Music
Shan-shan Sound Recording
Chia Ching-shan Art Director
Lin Dai Actress
Chao Lei Actor
King Chuan Supporting Actor
Margaret Tsang Supporting Actress

THE KINGDOM AND THE BEAUTY
Produced By: RUN RUN SHAW
Production Manager: DOVEN CHOW

人美山江

STATE

— OPENING TO-DAY —
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Sunday Morning Show
"MAMBO GIRL"
Starring
Grace Chang • Peter Chen Ho

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BAYANI'S Merry-Go-Round!

Featuring:

- BEN & DOMING
- ANNIE ESPINA
- ALMA & REMY
- THE ROCK N'ROLLERS



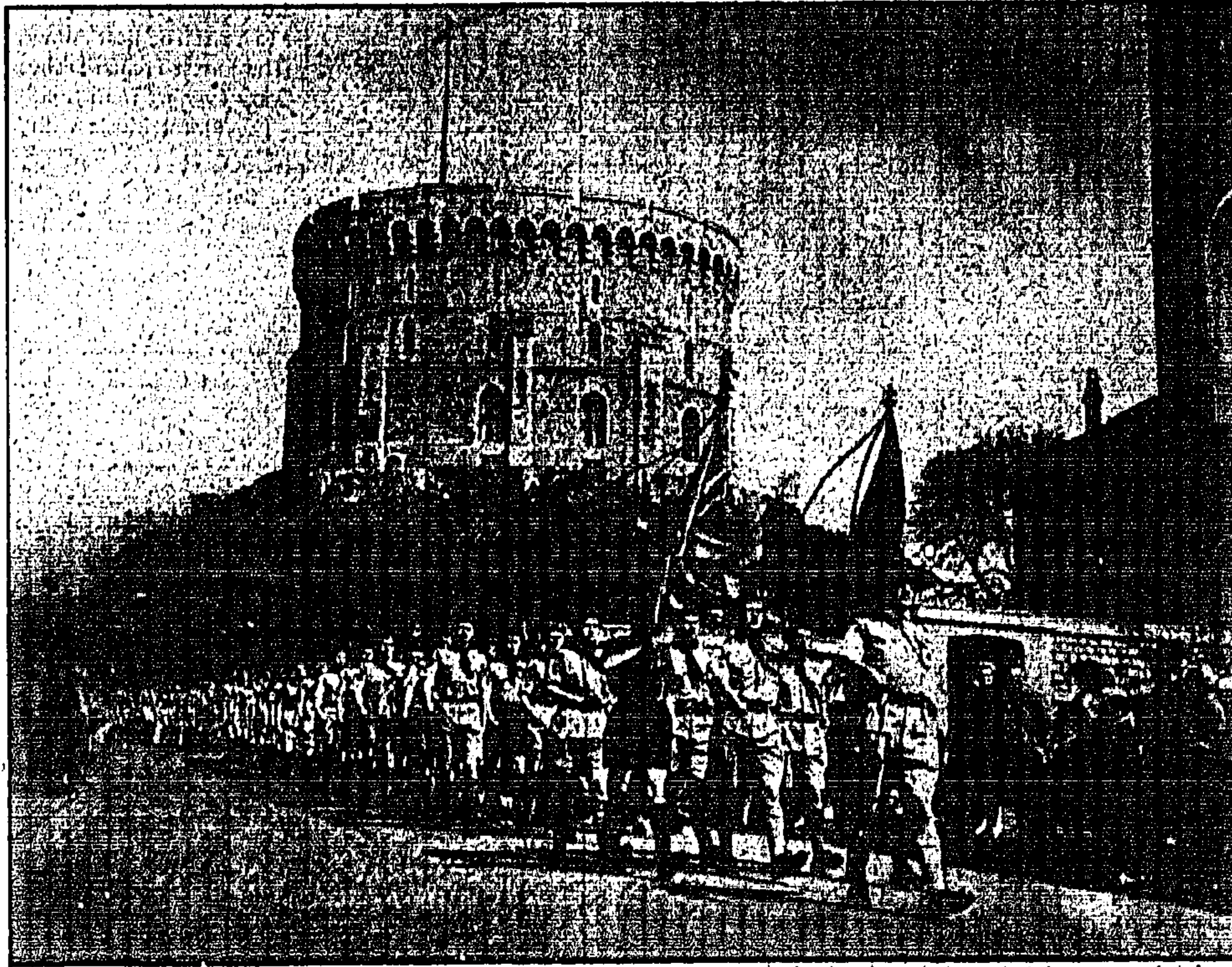
MUSIC BY:

GIANCARLO & His Italian Combo!

Hi-Fi "ECHO SYSTEM" From Italy

COCKTAIL LOUNGE—PIANO BAR: Featuring LARRY ALLEN

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



★ ★ ★
LEFT: Nearly 1,000 Queen's Scouts and holders of Scout awards for gallantry, march from the Royal Mews to St George's Chapel, Windsor, for the annual National Scout Service, held on the nearest Sunday to St George's Day. In the background is Windsor Castle Keep.



★ ★ ★
LEFT: The new £6,000,000, rubber plant at Hythe, which is saving Britain millions of pounds a year. Up till last year virtually all the synthetic rubber used in Britain, around 50,000 tons annually, had to be imported.



★
RIGHT: Margot Fonteyn pictured with her mother and friend, Judy Tatham, shortly after she returned from Panama.



★
LEFT: Prince Charles waits anxiously with his mother for the return of The Duke at the London Airport last week after a three-month tour of the Commonwealth.

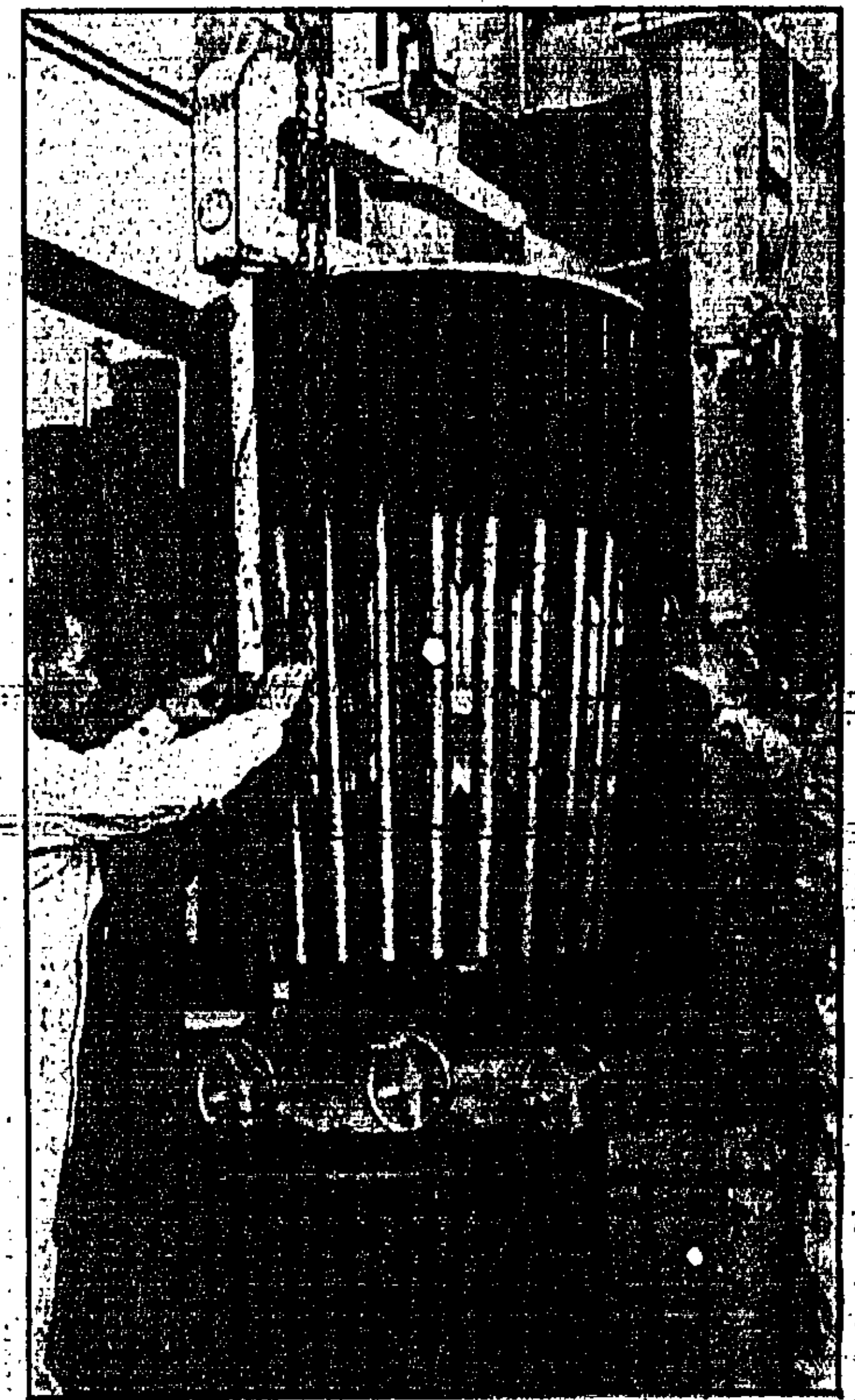


★
ABOVE: The Kenya delegation at the Colonial Office in London, where discussions on the constitutional future of Kenya were held recently.

★ ★ ★
BELOW: Pimple, believed to be the smallest Yorkshire terrier in the world, is just seven inches long and six inches high and is worth every penny of £100 to its owner.



★
RIGHT: Another British atomic station was opened recently, this time at Chapel Cross, Dumfries, Scotland. Picture shows scientists preparing a charge basket with uranium cartridges.



★
ABOVE: Blind since he hit his head in a fall in 1918, 78-year-old Charlie Ponds regained the sight of one eye after a heart attack.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREE'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
THE MILK CHOCOLATE THAT'S DIFFERENT!

DID IT HAPPEN? ... another story to set you guessing

I WAS leaving Basle by the Rheingold Express. Finding my reserved seat I settled down to read. The only other occupant of the carriage was a young woman in a milk coat, and beside her on the seat was a baby in a blue carry-cot. We exchanged a few words. She was Dutch, very pretty and smart, and was on her way home to Rotterdam.

There were some 20 minutes to go before the train was scheduled to leave and I was deep in a detective story when she suddenly exclaimed in dismay, "I've left my passport behind!" She hunted wildly in her bag and pockets.

"I took it to the Consul to get baby's name added," she said, "and I must have forgotten to replace it in my bag. It must be on the dressing-table in the hotel. It's only a few minutes from the station. I can just make it."

"Keep an eye on baby," she said, looking at the baby to me she said appealingly: "Would you keep an eye on baby for me until I get back? I'll be so much quicker on my own. Will you be so very kind?"

I agreed, of course, and she rushed away down the platform. The baby was asleep. Little could be seen under the blankets.

My detective story was so enthralling that I only looked up from it when the Swiss official stamped my passport, Basle being a frontier town. He pointed to the baby inquiringly. "Mother's coming," I said. He seemed satisfied although he looked at his watch.

Two elderly Swiss people had claimed the two far corner seats. I became engrossed again in my story. When I looked up the train was pulling out of the station.

Old trick! I rushed to the window, but there was no sign of the baby's mother. The Swiss couple were curious at my agitation. I told them in French what had happened.

"That's a very old trick," said the wife contemptuously. "Finding someone to hold an unwanted baby and then disappearing. I don't suppose you'll ever see her again."

Her husband gave me a disagreeable look as if he doubted the truth of my story, and whispered something to his wife in German.

I decided to find the guard and, leaving the still sleeping baby in their reluctant care, I went along the train. The guard was a suddenly, furtive old man, deliberately slow in understanding my problem. He kept on chuckling as if he found the whole thing a joke.

No address He accompanied me unwillingly to the carriage to see for himself and examined the labels on the cot and on the suitcase on the rack. They bore only the word ROTTERDAM—but no name or address.

Now came a rapid interchange of German between the old couple. They were under the impression that I could not understand. I was a little peculiar, as young mothers often are, they agreed. The baby was obviously mine, but for some extraordinary reason I was pretending that it belonged to the stranger.

"What shall I do?" I asked the guard frankly. "Can't you stop the train?" He shook his head, pointing to the little wooded country through which we were passing. "You would have to get out too—and you'd be stranded in these forests kilometres from anywhere. The train is not at all full, it can safely stay on that track."

"But what shall I do with it?" I demanded. "If there really were a lady who

missed the train she will certainly try to inform you by telephoning some station en route." He went out and I saw him wink at the disagreeable old man.

I reflected on my position. If the young Dutch woman were genuine—and I felt that she was—then the guard and I saw him wink at the disagreeable old man.

But it was a long way to Rotterdam and I knew little about babies. And another complication loomed ahead—the German passport officials. For we were now in Germany.

I looked in the basket beside the carry-cot. It contained a nappie, a vacuum flask full of milk, a flask of water, a feeding bottle, and all the impedimenta which travels with a baby.

No name "Look!" I said to the Swiss couple. "She meant to travel with the child. All its things are here—and her suitcase is on the rack." They said nothing as I took it down and, finding it unlocked, examined it for some means of identification. It contained expensive clothes—but nothing to tell me her name.

I think that the old woman thought I was genuine, but her husband did not believe a word I said. Meanwhile the cause of all the trouble slept.

Both gabbled My fears about trouble with the German passport authorities prove all too true. The official asked at once why the child was not in my passport. I began trying to explain, but the old couple interrupted me and both gabbled at him, but he cut everybody short.

"You must see to it immediately you reach England. You may have trouble—you will be taking an undocumented person into the country. I can afford to be lenient only because you are in transit through Germany."

The elderly Swiss woman interrupted him again, saying



"Give him to me," shouted the old woman above the din.

Passenger without a passport

By OLIVIA FABRY

OLIVIA FABRY is a portrait painter and designer who has lived and worked in Holland, France and several other countries.

She writes on ballet and art in several languages; and is now working on a satire on modern art.

Born in the West of England, she now lives in Chelsea.



that I did not understand German. He turned to me and, enunciating every word, asked, "Is the child a boy or a girl?"

A guess I did not even know! The young woman in the milk coat had merely called it "baby." To get rid of the official I guessed, "A boy!" I said in German.

He seemed, patted the infant in the cot, and said firmly to the Swiss woman, "She understands German perfectly well." Then he wished me a pleasant journey with my son!

"You'll find yourself in gal before you've finished with that baby," observed the disagreeable old man, and the two of them departed for the luncheon car. My ticket was booked to London. The train which passed through Rotterdam connected with the Hook service. I decided to get out at Rotterdam and miss the boat. What else could I do?

I fed and changed the child who was beginning to whimper. I had guessed right. It was a boy. The baby knew how incompetent I was and roared his disapproval. He swallowed all the milk very quickly and then roared for more. The nappies were bewildering and I was fumble-fisted. His yells increased. By the time the old couple returned I was frantic.

"Give him to me," shouted the old woman above the din. She took the furious bundle and rearranged the nappies. "You know nothing about babies at all," she said scathingly, soothing the baby with expert sounds and gestures.

In Holland "No," I agreed meekly, and ate my sandwiches while she put him back in the cot where he slept peacefully again until we reached the Dutch frontier at Venlo.

And now all my apprehensions about the passport question returned. There would be the same fuss and attempts at explanation to which no one would listen. The party of Dutch officials were already boarding the train and coming down the corridors. If only I could hide the baby under the seat!

They stopped outside my compartment: a man opened the door, looked at the slip of paper above my seat, and called: "Here it is. In here." Seat number 016.

A charming railway official entered the carriage, and addressing me in English, said: "Are you the lady a Dutch woman asked to mind her baby in Basle this morning?" "Yes," I gasped thankfully. "She has been telephoning frankly all the afternoon. All she knows—was the number of your seat. She noticed it was 016. She will be at Rotterdam to meet the train. She took the airplane from Zurich."

Validated I looked at the old couple—and they looked at me. I was vindicated.

We all began laughing. The story had spread all down the train and passengers kept coming in to peep at the baby and me.

In Rotterdam, as the train steamed in, stood the young woman of the milk coat with a tall young man. Both looked harassed as they scanned the

MAN ON THE MOON: III

EXPLORING THE MOON

By John Maclean

THE moon has been under observation as long as there have been men. What surprises is how little anyone really knows about it.

It was James Rogers' job to fill in a few gaps in this knowledge.

His rocket ship had been eased down, tail-first, in a deep pile of dust at the bottom of a crater.

The moon is pock-marked with such craters. But what put them there? Astronomers have been arguing about it for centuries. Was it volcanic eruption or meteors?

Are there valuable metals buried in these craters? Might they one day be salvagable?

Is there, perhaps, water sealed deep in porous rock?

How much radiation strikes the atmosphereless moon?

And what is on the far side of the moon?

Rogers had already answered that question. The far side of the moon, never before seen by man, is just like the near side. It was the dull, expected answer.

Now, as he eased himself into his heavily-weighted moon suit, fitted its great plastic globe around his head, and tested his air supply, he felt no particular answers to some of the remaining questions.

He would not find out much, maybe only that man could land on the moon and gather data.

The air was flowing well from the tanks. The space ship had an emergency algae-operated air purifying system, but it was not to be used except in emergencies. For any normal trip, the air in the tanks would be sufficient for his needs.

As he stepped through a door into the outer shell of the rocket and closed the pressure lock behind him, he felt no particular emotion. He had been trained not to.

But he could not help back a shudder as he walked through the next door into the blinding light of a sun unfiltered by any atmosphere and out onto the gray surface of the moon, lifeless and scorching hot in the day. He sank knee deep in the crater dust.

To his right he could see the long, dark tunnel where an enormous meteor had buried it.

At its mouth, he set up equipment to measure radiation.

He worked fast, but it was no great effort with so little gravity to overcome.

In an hour and a half he had his samples. Now he came back to where the ship was tail down in the dust and dug to uncover the hatch with the equipment to drill for water.

He worked furiously, aware of the danger from the heat and radiation. In another hour it would be dark again. And freezing.

Then he would take off.

He got the hatch open and eased the giant tripod, which swung out under electric power, towards the crater wall, where the drill could take into solid rock. It would extend a hundred and fifty feet on its davits from the side of the ship, and ground control had landed him neatly a hundred feet from the wall.

The drill was a wild chance. Even if there was water on the moon, it was unlikely that he would find it by such a hit and miss method as this. But the drill would bring up rock cores and they would tell something about the structure of the moon.

Rogers returned to the ship, leaving the drill to tear away

at the rock, and radioed back to earth a report of everything he had done so far. He would make another report when he was about to take off for the return flight and repeat the message twice more—in case he didn't get back.

Then he gathered up the radiation-counting machinery, stowed the hand drill and checked the rocket controls.

The hour was up.

Hastily, he turned the handle which cranked up the deep drill, collected the rock cores, and swung the drill back into place.

The hatches were self-locking.

In the cabin, he pushed the button marked "Return," and strapped himself to the couch.

He glanced briefly at the rock cores. They showed hard rock for the first three hundred feet, then a level of porous rock. There might be water there somewhere. None had shown, though.

He checked the instruments and saw that the amount of radiation would be fatal to an unprotected man exposed for a full day on the moon.

That had been predicted.

Rogers relaxed.

(To Be Concluded)

TARGET

L	T	E
D	P	A
I	M	U

How many of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square? In each of the letters in the square, the letter E is the letter in the center square. No proper names, foreign words, or proper names, good: 25 words very good: 30 words, excellent: 35 words, perfect: 40 words.

WESTERNER'S SOLUTION: One word that starts with E, one word that starts with D, one word that starts with I, one word that starts with L, one word that starts with T, one word that starts with U, one word that starts with M, one word that starts with P, one word that starts with A, one word that starts with E, one word that starts with O, one word that starts with K, one word that starts with B, one word that starts with Q, one word that starts with R, one word that starts with S, one word that starts with X, one word that starts with Y, one word that starts with Z, one word that starts with V, one word that starts with W, one word that starts with F, one word that starts with G, one word that starts with H, one word that starts with J, one word that starts with N, one word that starts with P, one word that starts with Q, one word that starts with R, one word that starts with S, one word that starts with T, one word that starts with U, one word that starts with V, one word that starts 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FALLACIES, FEARS, AND FACTS

THIS is the final report in an investigation that has covered many miles and many lives throughout Britain. Its subject: mixed marriages. Its purpose: clear, fact-based thinking about something that seldom receives such treatment. Today comes perhaps the most vital part: the children.

objection to mixed marrying—
what about the children?

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Integration. And excellent. It has to come everywhere. I will take time, but when it comes there will be only one regret: that it took so long.

The Messinas—They Are Still In Business

★ ★ ★

who had been "executed" in London for some failure to obey

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money is transferred to the credit in Paris of the French

Tony got commission for finding the "husband" from the U.S.

THE UNDERLINGS HAVE TAKEN CHARGE AND THE

Tunisian-born Andre Conch


tion and other substances.

such an extent that when

the **EVOLVED** . . .

THORNS & CO., LTD.

Barristers prefer



SWISSAIR

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Is YOUR wife bad-mannered?

A MILLION men will be getting out their cars this soft spring Sunday for a gentle drive into the country.

Upstairs a million women will be putting on their tweed.

A tranquil start to a day of rest?

In reality it is a prelude to a ritual that for colour, fascination and tension is rivalled only by the mating dance of a kookaburra.

It is a purely male ritual rarely witnessed by the feminine eye, for the feminine eye is never there in time to catch it.

The ceremony...

So for every woman who reads this page I will describe the ceremony known as waiting for one's wife.

A million men will start up their cars and sit listening peacefully to the engine ticking over. They will light a cigarette, sit and watch a robin battling with a snail. A calm that washes away the turmoil of the week has entered their souls.

Any recruiting officer for a nature loving society who wandered past would have a fullion new members on his books just like that.

The cigarette burns away. The husbands look at their watches. They climb out of the car, stroll round it, gently kick the tyres, open the car door, get out a duster, shine the windscreen, stand back with heads on one side, admire their work, light another cigarette, pat their happy waiting children on the head, and drift into the house.

Building up

They look up the stairs and listen to the deathly silence of a woman busily getting ready for a drive in the country.

They open their mouths, decide to say nothing, and amble out into the garden. At the end of the path they will pause and look at the view.

But not how the tempo is building up.

That cigarette smoke that once curled gently from the lips has now a tendency to gush violently out like steam from a kettle. The stride back along the path has an urgency.

The robin decides that life is more precious than any snail and bolts for the highest branch.

A million husbands will go back into the house and from the foot of the stairs will call

by ROBERT GLENTON

as gently as a feeling of strangulation will let them.

"Darling, will you be long, we're half an hour late."

Back into the car they get. A third cigarette, a scowl at the robin tiptoeing back to its prey. The cigarette stubbed out, a walk round the car again, a savage hacking at the tyres.

Now the children—quick to catch a mood—start fighting and get patted somewhat harsher.

Back into the house, to the foot of the stairs.

Gone is the gentle phrasing, gone are the "darlings." Just a snarl.

"Do you know we're nearly an hour late?"

Back in the car again, the trees are trembling from the anger of a million howling engines. The robin has long since turned vegetarian and fled.

A million men then... ordinary, gentle, docile, housebroken men will present a show of rage that would make the warriors of the Masai, the Kikuyu, the Zulu, and the Winko pale with envy.

Eventually, of course, a million women will show up, charming, elegant, and at peace with the world. Doors will slam, wheels will spin, and a million couples will thunder, destruction bound, down the road.

And these million women will smile as one and say with menstrosious blandness—

"I am sorry I was a couple of minutes late, but I couldn't find those ear-rings I was looking for."

Critical level

Why do I describe this sordid scene that on any given Sunday morning bumps up the masculine blood pressure of the whole nation to a horribly critical level?

Because it poses three questions that I think it is time every woman should ask herself.

1 Does delicacy for you mean anything at all except something to eat?

2 Have you the least idea of good manners?

3 Can you count on one finger the well-mannered women you know?

Before you wrestle with the answers may I just develop my theory that even the Black Death was never quite as unsocial as the average woman.

Rapier wit

I WAS AT A DINNER PARTY. My host was following the highly estimable habit of all men who wish to entertain their guests. He was telling an anecdote.

But, like most hosts, he was a modest man. He realised that he had led an ordinary life and that nothing that could occur to him was likely to be all that exciting. So he was polishing up his story as he went. A little harmless exaggeration here, a little rapier wit injected into

what he was supposed to have said at the time.

It made an attractive tale which I have told once or twice to my own credit.

But what did that elegant and radiant creature his wife do?

With a loathsome and sudden frankness she certainly does not normally do in her own life, she steadily, methodically and brutally reduced her husband and his anecdote to rubble.

"No, dear," she said, "It was fifty, not five hundred."

"Darling, you've got it all wrong. That's what the man said to YOU."

Now would any man alive do a thing like that? He might listen a trifle impatiently as we all do when a story reminds us of something far more entertaining that happened to us. But nothing more.

And yet I wonder if there is one wife who could cross her heart and swear that she has never done such a thing.

She bridled...

I WAS IN A HOME when I walked the husband and the wife from the little garage round the corner. They were really enjoying themselves talking about, back, neck and why the husband could never get more than 110 miles an hour out of a car that the makers never hoped in their wildest moment would do more than ninety.

It was a pleasant scene, marked only by the wife, often bridled. I have often read of people bridling but I have never before seen it done. She bridled all over the place. She smiled that sweet empty smile of a poor put-on woman and cooed: "Darling, why don't you both have a drink in the OTHER room?"

We all know exactly what the other room was. It was the kitchen!

The grudge man—who undoubtedly had a wife of his own—and the husband retreated.

There was the man who had eluded to provide his home and yet sheer feminine snobbery had bullied away the most interesting guest he had had for ages.

So infuriating

My report does not only deal with women in the home. In my car I followed a woman driver.

She did everything with that car except drive it.

She crawled along, window shopping, she had a jolly good natter with her companion, she made the most eloquent and charming gestures with—she hid out of the window, so fluent and graceful that they would turn a Balinese dancer green.

Unhappily, I don't know Balinese they meant nothing to me.

All right—she may have been a bad driver. But there are many women who aren't bad drivers, yet who set in the same infuriating fashion.

Why? Because they know that being women they can get away with murder.

Terrified...

I WENT MOTORING one day with a woman whom I happen to know out her teeth on a 1928 Austin Seven. The day after she passed her test she towed a caravan about 150 miles. She has driven a Jeep, a delivery van, and a Rolls-Royce.

Yet boldly and calculatingly she drove like a man's idea of a woman. With an expression as sweet as the lilac in May she forced her way through the lanes, changed gears, intersections and as they filled with the squeal of terrified men-driven cars, she gave a pathetically helpless wave of her hand that was about as genuine as the oak beams in any Oldie Tudor Tea Shoppe.

Where two speed-mad business men will join in raging conflict at 55 miles an hour just to show who is more like Sir Lancelot, this woman, like every other feminine driver, never gets into such a childish situation.

The legend

She just puts out a left indicator, swerves for a moment to the right and the whole road is hers. And, idiot that we are, we call her a bad driver.

Exacting in the legend, that one angry waving fist from a man will cause her to stall her engine and block the traffic for miles, any woman can be as jobcocked and aggressive as her unsexual conscience dictates.

These examples I have cited are not fictitious.

Every husband has shared them, far often. He has lived with them too long both to appreciate the underlying theme that politeness and social consideration are purely masculine traits.

What can be done about it? The husband who has tackled the problem but all they get is a bad name in the neighbourhood.

I know one husband who says to his wife: "We are leaving it to you. You will achieve more if you develop your latent executive abilities. Learn how to drive. Work to others, receiving your own strength and energies for thinking up new ideas and blueprints for them."

You have an instinct for business, and although high finance may not be your forte, in life you are always able to make a good profit on anything you undertake.

You may be slow to adopt a new idea, but once you have tested it, it is the chance of making money for you.

You are in luck, but it must be your own idea of what is just. You have intense feelings, and although you are fond of the opposite sex, you are not demonstrative. You probably would find much more happiness in more serious pursuits than in showing your true affections.

Among those born on this date are: Henry John Kaiser, industrialist; Prince Bernhard of Buxlow, statesman; James M. Barrie, playwright; John Brown, reformer; Zita, former empress of Austria; and queen of Hungary.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday guide your daily life.

No answer

And the woman I was driving with... she is a member of the Institute of Advanced Motorists but has never had the badge on her car since the day when a man she had bullied drew up alongside, looked at it and asked bitterly: "Does that refer to your skill or your pride?"

He will find, as all men find, that sharp spinning is not the answer to feminine bad manners. All that is likely to happen to him is one divorced court after another.

—(London Express Service.)

Where Do The Crazes Come From?



ONE FASHION... ANOTHER... THE CHANGE IS... IN LONDON

The Chelsea two-step—In Chelsea, where they are two steps ahead of everyone else, heavy white woollen stockings and pointed black shoes are fast out-stepping heavy black woollen stockings and white pointed shoes.

THE PLACE that's setting the pace isn't Paris or Rome or even New York. Trail any trend back to the beginning, and you'll find it started in Chelsea, S.W.3.

This is the place where fashions are founded, crazes created, and bright, young ideas make good, old-fashioned money.

The furniture shops in Chelsea were mixing the best new furniture with the best old furniture when everybody said it was bad taste. Now, it's good taste anywhere. The restaurants in Chelsea were serving up borscht and blintz in peasant pots when everyone was ordering steak and chips. Now, there's a flood of foreign food wherever you go.

The off-licence stores in Chelsea were selling barrels and barrels of wine when most people bought only a bottle for Christmas. Now, chianti is as commonplace as cold water.

They had sold out of black woollen stockings in Chelsea when other girls were still gazing at them.

They were wearing great big men's sweaters and tight, tau trousers in Chelsea when other girls considered a cute, little blouse and a big skirt the canniest clothes you could wear: they were stripping off lipstick and creams and powders and making-up big, bold eyes in Chelsea when the doe-eyed look was just something the deer had.

Says Mr John Brown, general manager of Peter Jones: "We are always six months ahead of

our other 18 branches. We have to be. Our customers sense a new idea almost before it is born."

Says Mr Frank Lewin, head of a man's store: "I try out all the new styles in Chelsea first, and if they take to them, I put them in our other shops."

And three different dress manufacturers say that Chelsea is the one place that will accept Paris copies right after the collections without any modifications.

Now in Chelsea they're buying MANTEL MIRRORS from junk shops and using them for bedheads.

VICTORIAN WATER JUGS and basins and using the jugs for flower, the basins for punch bowls.

WOMEN'S PEPPES... bright-coloured, slender-stemmed ones

with small briar bowls. Price: 22s.

BAREFOOT SANDALS that are almost all silk. They have a single leather strap across the instep and a thin thong that slips between the toes. Italian-made. Price: 20s. 11d.

LIPSTICKS in pinks so pale they match the lips. For only 1s. 3d. a tube in a Chelsea chain store.

PURE SILK EVENING SUITS for men. From Italy, for 28 gns. In daytime colours, too.

NYLON HAIR FRINGES to wear with a scarf when your own hair is in pins. In six shades, they are ready permed, can be shampooed and set.

LEATHER SLIP-ON VESTS for men in red, black, pale blue or green. To wear with narrow black and white hounds-tooth check slacks. 5gns

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 9

BORN today, you are ambitious and self-reliant. You are not one to depend upon anyone else for results. You will achieve more if you develop your latent executive abilities. Learn how to drive. Work to others, receiving your own strength and energies for thinking up new ideas and blueprints for them.

You have an instinct for business, and although high finance may not be your forte, in life you are always able to make a good profit on anything you undertake.

You may be slow to adopt a new idea, but once you have tested it, it is the chance of making money for you.

You are in luck, but it must be your own idea of what is just. You have intense feelings, and although you are fond of the opposite sex, you are not demonstrative. You probably would find much more happiness in more serious pursuits than in showing your true affections.

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To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday guide your daily life.

SUNDAY, MAY 10

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Your big day is in this month. Just about everything seems to be going your way.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Pick your major business interests. Introduce a new idea. Publicize your talents to get best results.

CANCER (June 22-July 21)—Stars are smiling on you; so achieve some goal for which you have long been striving.

LEO (July 22-Aug. 23)—An especially fine day for those in advertising, publicity or promotion. Get your product before the public.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Business is humming. Get an early start and you will discover that you can achieve miracles!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Among those born on this date are: James Bryce, diplomat and author; James Gordon Bennett, newspaper owner; Curtis Dwyer, Wilbur, jurist and statesman; William R. Grace, shipping magnate

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—The warmth of your personality can bring results. Use those closest to you. Be merry and gay.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—A CANCER (June 22-July 21)—Stars are smiling on you; so achieve some goal for which you have long been striving.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Your big day is in this month. Just about everything seems to be going your way.

Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

Happily, there's a simple, proved remedy

'ANTEPAR'

TRADE MARK



One dose of 'ANTEPAR' gets rid of roundworms in a day. Pleasant-tasting 'ANTEPAR' should be taken at bedtime. Then roundworms are expelled the next day—cally and naturally! 'ANTEPAR' is always quick, safe. It causes no pain or sickness. Not even with small children. Make 'ANTEPAR' a routine family habit. Give everyone one dose every three months. And be sure your family are always free from roundworms!

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A pleasant little, married only by the wife. She bridled.

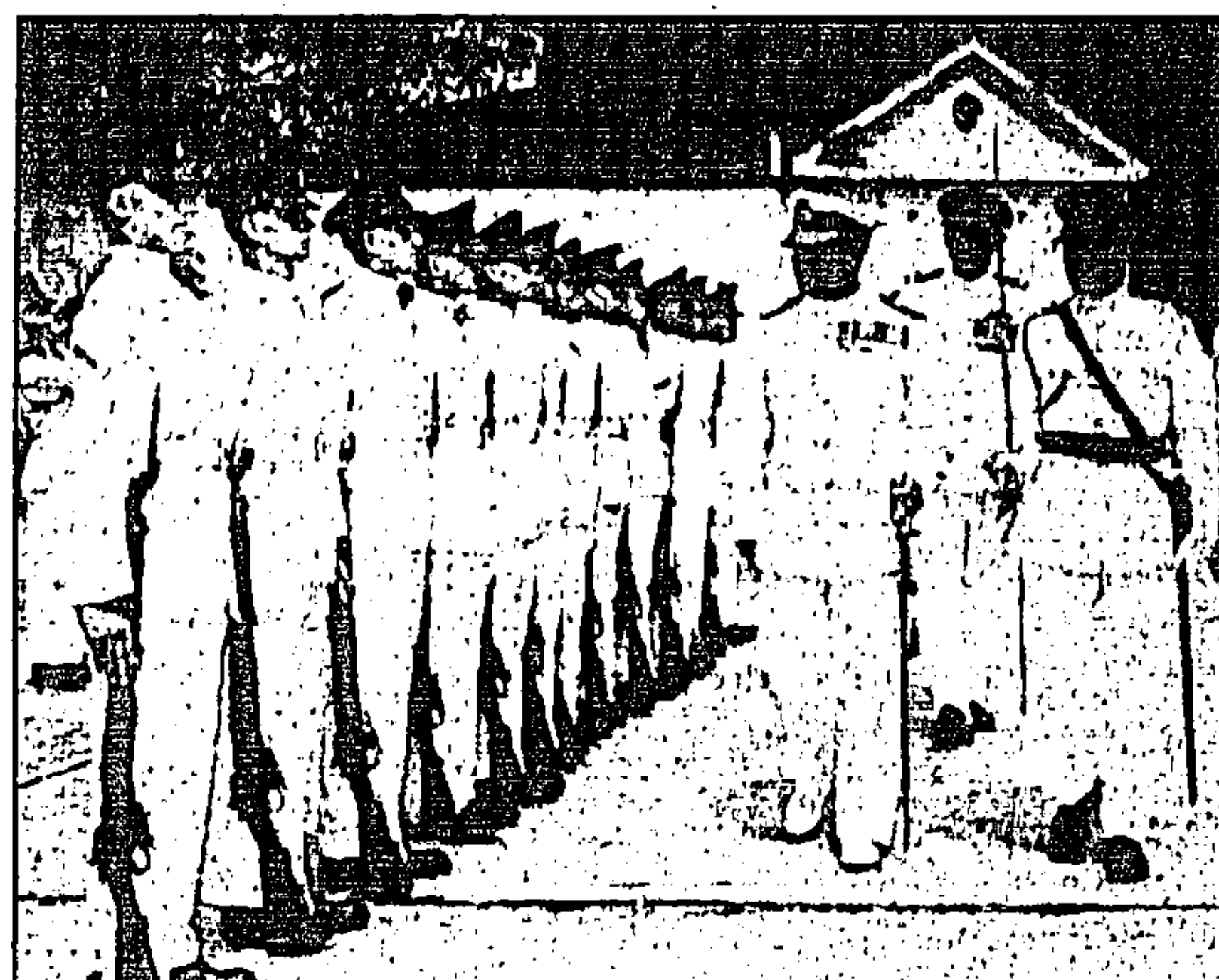
★ ★ ★ EVENTS IN PICTURES ★ ★ ★



LEFT: Mr J. W. Cockburn, Hongkong Boy Scouts Commissioner, shaking hands with cubs at the inauguration of the 58th Boy Scouts Troop (Ebenezer Home for Blind Boys) last Saturday.



RIGHT: Mr Kwok Chan, Mr C. C. Li and Dr A. M. Rodrigues pictured at the Hongkong University Alumni dinner held on Tuesday.



RIGHT: Rear-Admiral G. G. O. Gatacre, Flag Officer Commanding the Australian Fleet, inspecting a guard of honour from the Lancashire Regiment when he paid a return call on Air Commodore R. D. Holder, acting Commander, British Forces, H.K. last Saturday.



LEFT: Men of the 1st Bn. Royal Northumberland Fusiliers following their arrival in the Empire Fowey for a three-year tour of duty here.



RIGHT: Dr. D. J. M. Mackenzie, left, with Mr C. Meachon, Deputy Chief Commissioner of St John Ambulance Brigade of New Zealand, at a reception last Tuesday.



RIGHT: Mr J. F. Saunders, the new United Kingdom Trade Commissioner, and Mrs Saunders.



BELOW: The Netherlands Consul-General, Mr. F. Van Dongen, laying a wreath at the Sai Wan Military Cemetery last Monday on the occasion of Holland's Remembrance Day.



BELOW: Mr. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, addressing the annual conference of the H.K. Teachers' Association last Saturday.

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★ ★ ★
LEFT: Mr. Brian Platt, waving farewell as he left in his Junk High Tea on Thursday bound for Yokohama and San Francisco.

★
RIGHT: Mrs. Yoko Matsumura demonstrating the art of flower arrangement at the first meeting of the H.K. Chapter of Ikebana International. At left is Mrs. J. McCoy.



★ ★ ★
RIGHT: Symbolic of the Philippine Floating Exposition which is due to arrive in the Colony tomorrow, are the three Filipina belles who form part of the dance troupe accompanying the mission.



★ ★ ★
LEFT: Col. V. D. Verbi, Asst. Director, Army Medical Services, inspecting a contingent of the RAMC last Thursday prior to presenting Long Service and Good Conduct medals.



RIGHT: A group of ladies enjoying a game of mahjong at the British Red Cross bridge-mahjong-canasta drive held recently.



★
LEFT: Mr. Adolfo G. Costa-Bonorino, Argentine Consul, drinking a toast to M. Gerard Raoul Duval, left, Consul-General of France, after the latter had received the Orden de Mayo from the Argentine Republic. At right is Mrs. Duval.



★
LEFT: Miss Anna Motcalfo, who had been responsible for presenting requests programmes over Radio Sai Wan, was presented with a memento by Wing Commander J. Segar last week prior to her departure for the U.K.



★
BELOW: Members of the Vienna Boys' Choir who arrived this week to give two concerts here. Their ages range from 10 to 15 years.

★ ★ ★
LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. George Liu cutting their wedding cake at a reception following their marriage last Saturday.



★
RIGHT: The man responsible for changing the looks of British cars, Mr. Pinin Farina, second from left, pictured at a cocktail party given in his honour by the Italian Consul-General last week.

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VERONICA PAPWORTH

Oh, for a snappy comeback!

THERE'S NO NEED FOR ANY
WOMAN TODAY TO BE DUMB
AT THE DINNER TABLE...

DURING the war, when I was some kind of camouflage adviser's assistant adviser, I was billeted with an old lady who bred giant tropical moths.

This little scrap-ha'pennyworth of lavender and old lace used to sit up half the night armed with a long-handled sable paint brush, aiding and abetting the making of her strange bat-like pets.

I once asked her why. "Partly because of the feeling that life goes on and one plays one's little part," she told me coyly, "and partly because of table talk. To be a person one must be able to speak with absolute authority about something."

I thought of her last week when, across a narrow luncheon table, I watched a particularly pompous M.P. unbend a couple of centimetres towards his neighbour and heard him cross-question her.

"Now what in this great and fascinating world is your particular interest, m'dear?" She glanced round wildly, "I'm afraid I'm only a wife."

True value

For the first time I realised the true value of my little old lady's snappy comeback: "I'm interested in the mating habits of giant tropical moths."

That would have shaken the pompous character to his pin-striped foundations. Of course, it does not have to be moths.

Art is booming conversation-wise. Such terms as "impasto" (generally some patent crack-filler plastered on with a palette knife), "eclectic" (reminds me of something else), and "derivative" (same thing) are being bandied about by some of the biggest bird brains that ever beat under a rose-wreathed hat.

There's Food, too.

No need for any little woman to sit dumb these days when she can have her luncheon partner reeling with a ten-minute blow-by-blow account of how to make the only possible sauce to serve with potted larks' tongues.

Speechless

It's not many weeks since I sat speechless for even longer while an elderly Scot took me through the entire process of kippers a herring.

Speechless! I couldn't get a word in edgewise.

One of the nicest women I know is an absolute humdinger of a conversationalist on the more frightening side of underwater life. I've known her silence six guests with a

description of the giant female squid's nastier tricks. "Me?" If that M.P. had asked me what I was interested in, I would have given him the answer he longed for. I would have opened my eyes very wide and said "YOU". That way I could have given two-thirds of my attention to my smoked salmon.

My fault

WE met at a hot but happy little cocktail party. Outside in South Audley Street the sun shone and the temperature rose steadily.

Inside it was up to oven heat as I stood talking to Kenneth Partridge, the young designer who was responsible for the decor of the recent Top Eleven show to royalty.

"And this heat is my fault," said Kenneth, mopping his brow. "I suggested we should light these two coal fires because a great big empty fireplace looks so dreary."

"The trouble is that in Britain the fireplace is the focal point of every room until suddenly the sun shines. Then

it's no more than a hole to receive used matches and cigarette ends. The average housewife stacks a plant pot in front and picks out the cigarette ends once a week.

"There's some marvellous stuff called 'cullet'—it's the waste from glass-blowing factories. It comes in the most magnificent rods and blits. I wanted to fill the fireplaces with it today but there wasn't time.

"Piled in with an electric light bulb wired up underneath, 'cullet' looks splendid. No, I haven't done it for myself—only for friends. I'm lucky, I've a flat at Brighton. So I go straight down to the beach for a collection of mixed shells and pebbles and heap them into a pyramid in my grate."

"Any more bright ideas for empty fireplaces?" I asked him for you all.

"Waxed fruit on a wired foundation... china dogs, branches of fresh greenery..."

"I suggested we should light these two coal fires because a great big empty fireplace looks so dreary."

"The trouble is that in Britain the fireplace is the focal point of every room until suddenly the sun shines. Then

Purr-Purr's No Writer

—The Kitten Didn't Enjoy Having Pen In Paw—

By MAX TRELL

HANID, the Shadow-Girl, was writing a letter at her desk when she felt something rubbing against her leg. Looking down, she saw it was Purr-Purr, the Kitten.

"Ah, I'm very glad to see you, my dear," Hanid said. "Just let me lift you up here and I'll show you what I'm doing. You are curious, aren't you?"

Sho Didn't Say

Purr-Purr didn't say whether she was curious or not. Nevertheless, Hanid picked her up and sat her down on the top of the desk.

"I'm writing a letter, Purr-Purr," Hanid explained. "Wouldn't you like to write a letter to somebody?"

Purr-Purr just opened her big green eyes and looked at Hanid.

She didn't say whether she cared to write a letter to somebody or not.

"I suppose you think," Hanid went on, "that writing a letter is very difficult. It really isn't, you know. Though it might be for a Cat."

Purr-Purr curled herself halfway around the ink bottle with one paw touching a sheet of white paper.

"First of all," said Hanid, "you have to learn your letters. You can't write a letter without knowing your letters—that's a little joke which I don't think you understand."

What A Letter Is

"A letter is a message which you send to somebody to tell them something which you want them to know. You told it and put it in an envelope."

Hanid paused to see if Purr-Purr understood. She seemed satisfied that the Kitten did, so she went on:

"But to learn your letters means to learn the letters of the alphabet, the A-B-C's. Now do you understand, Purr-Purr?"

Purr-Purr still kept silent.

"I know what we'll do," Hanid said. "We'll send a letter to somebody. Now here, my dear, just put this pen in your paw."

Paw-Held Pen

Hanid put the pen between two of Purr-Purr's toes in her front right paw.

"Whom shall we write to?" she asked the Kitten.

Kitten just said: "Meow."

"I wonder who you mean?" said Hanid, as she looked around the room. "Oh, I think I know. You mean Miss Meow, the White Cat who lives next door. Is that the one?"

Purr-Purr said "Meow," again. Hanid was then quite sure that this was the one Purr-Purr wanted to write a letter to.

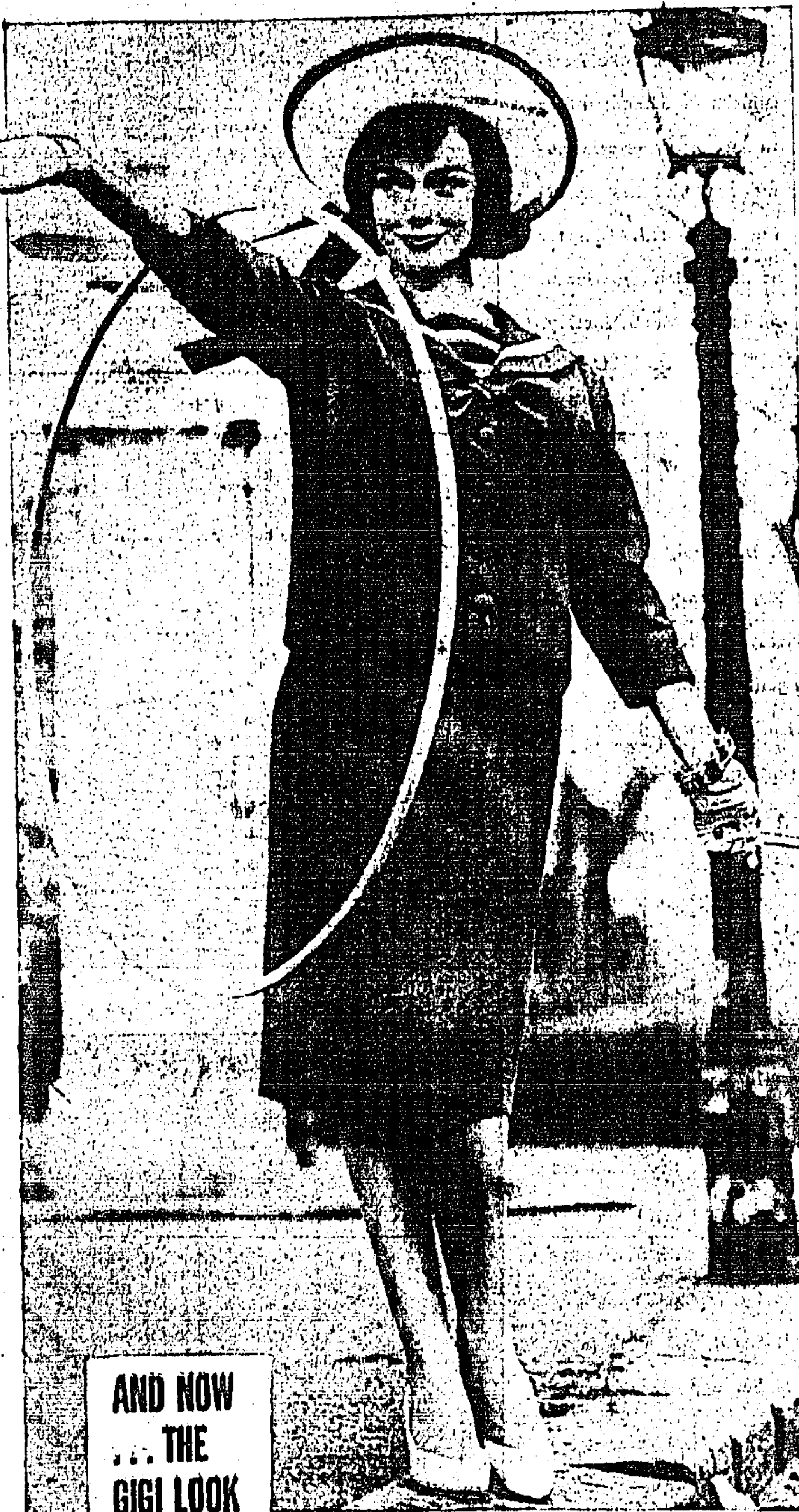
"The first thing you write," said Hanid, "is 'Dear Miss Meow.'"

As she said this Hanid guided Purr-Purr's paw across the blank sheet of paper.

Rest Of The Letter

"You're doing very well, Purr-Purr," said Hanid. "Now we'll write the rest of the letter. I'll be glad to meet you in five minutes on the garden wall."

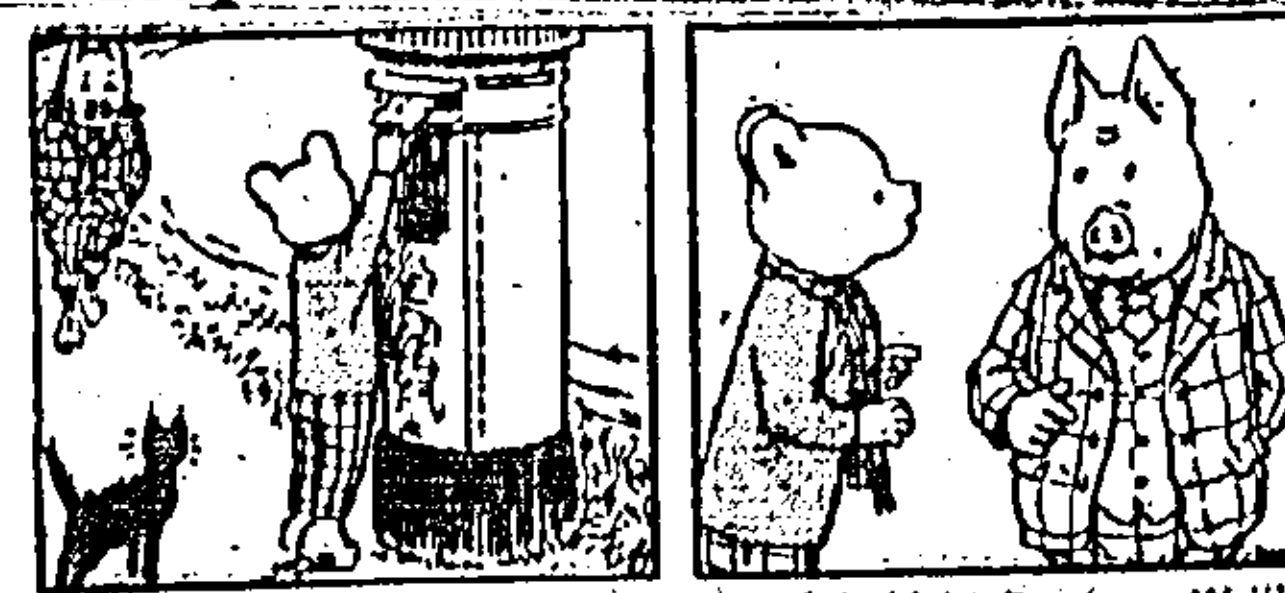
Perhaps Purr-Purr really understood what she was writing or perhaps she was too impatient to write to anybody else.

AND NOW
... THE
GIGI LOOK

It's the Gigi Look—complete with sailor hat and hoop to bowl in the park. No, the hoop is not to be taken seriously. But the suit is. Designed by Linzi in navy cotton boucle banded with white grosgrain. Worn as photographed, it's the ideal outfit for the late teens. Worn with a white beret, it could well suit a teenager's mother.

PICTURE BY JOHN ADRIAN.

Rupert and the Truant—2



Miss Bear tells Rupert that he must hurry with his letter as soon as he has decided what he wants for Christmas. "And you need not put any address on it," she adds. "The postman knows what to do with letters to Santa Claus. Well, that's jolly clever of ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

was going to see in five minutes. At my rate, she suddenly dropped the pen, sprang off the desk and rushed out of the house.

Looking out of the window, Hanid could see Purr-Purr talking to Miss Meow on the garden fence.

"I guess," said Hanid, shaking her head sadly, "Purr-Purr is telling her what is in the letter. It's too bad she couldn't have given it to her. But then I don't suppose Miss Meow is able to read. Oh well."

Hanid went back to writing her own letter. It wasn't to a mother who lived in San Francisco, three thousand miles away.



Hanid looked down and saw Purr-Purr.

GAMES TO PLAY...

STUNT GAME—Here is a game that will give plenty of action and lots of laughs for everyone.

On small slips of paper, write as many of the following stunts as you will need. Fold the slips of paper and place them in a box. Pass the box around and have each guest draw a slip, read it aloud, and do the stunt asked for. Then pass the box to the next guest, and so on, until everybody has done a stunt.

1. Stand on all fours and sway like an elephant.
2. Make a sound like an Indian.

3. Flap your wings and crow like a rooster.
4. Hold your foot with your hand and hop two times.

5. Make a sound like a fire engine.
6. Take three hops like a rabbit.

7. Stand and make a bow to three people in the room.
8. Act as if you just saw a ghost.

9. Pull your ear and pat your head two times.
10. Act like a squirrel begging for a peanut.

11. Make a sound like a cat and dog fight.
12. Make a sound like a jet plane.

BLACKBOARD FUN—Is there a blackboard in your house? Ah! some chalk! Good! For that's all the equipment you need to have a gay time with family or friends.

"Settlers and Indians" is fun. Rule off a space at each end of the blackboard. These represent "war fields," one for the "settlers" and one for the "Indians."

The spaces are filled in with an equal number of plainly marked small circles which represent the battling Indians and settlers. Players are divided into two teams and toss a coin to decide which side will start the contest.

One player on the starting line starts off the board, places his chalk in his battlefield, shuts his eyes and draws a line rapidly from his battlefield right through that of the enemy. The number of circles his chalk crosses out represent destroyed enemy. Then a player on the opposing team "fires his gun."

The game continues in this fashion and when everyone has a turn the side which has lost the most men loses.

HOW TO MAKE AN INDIAN TO HEADRESS

1. HAVE A PAL FIT A PIECE OF HEAVY PAPER 1 1/2 IN. WIDE AROUND YOUR HEAD...

PUNCH HOLES IN BOTH ENDS AND FASTEN BAND WITH PAPER FASTENER!

2. DRAW FEATHERS ON A PIECE OF WRAPPING PAPER AS LONG AS THE BAND AND 10 INCHES WIDE!

3. COLOR FEATHERS AND STRIP BELOW FEATHERS!

4. CUT OUT FEATHERS AND GLUE THE BAND INSIDE THE BOTTOM STRIP!

5. MAKE 2 BRAIDS FROM HEAVY BLACK RUG YARN 24 IN. LONG AND GLUE OR TAPES THEM UNDER EACH SIDE OF BAND!

PUT RIBBON BANDS AROUND HEADS OF BRAIDS!

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PUT RIBBON BANDS AROUND HEADS OF BRAIDS!

Coyote Grows Wise

THE INDIANS of the Southwest consider the coyote a wise and valuable friend. But once, many moons ago, Coyote was a foolish beast and believed whatever anyone told him.

One fine day in early spring, Coyote was out walking with Great Bear. When they came to a wide, fertile spot, Great Bear said, "Let's plant some potatoes here. We'll be partners. I'll take everything that grows under the ground and you take all that grows above."

That seemed like a good idea to Coyote, so he agreed. At harvest time, Coyote cut off the potato tops close to the ground, but when he saw Great Bear digging up nice round potatoes, he knew that he had been cheated.

Next spring, when Great Bear suggested they be partners again and plant some corn, Coyote said, "No," Great Bear laughed.

"I'll admit I got the best of the bargain last time," he said. "So this time I'll take everything that grows above ground and you may have all that grows below."

Coyote agreed and they began to plant the corn. It wasn't until Great Bear gathered all the ripe, golden ears and Coyote found he had nothing but stringy roots, that he knew he had been tricked again.

COYOTE WAS A SWIFT runner and liked nothing better than a race. He accepted a challenge from Small Rabbit. They marked off a huge square like a baseball diamond, with corners to the East, the South, the West, the North, and back to this East again.

Rabbit said, "I shall run underground, for that is the way I usually travel. It is easier for me."

At the word "Go!" Rabbit jumped into his hole. Coyote started off at a good pace.

When Coyote reached the East goal, up jumped Rabbit from the ground just ahead of him, then darted back down and was off in a second, throwing dirt up into his face. It was the same at the South goal, at the North, and at the West. Little Rabbit was always there just ahead of him.

When he got back to the starting point, there was Rabbit sitting by his hole, thumping his tail and laughing. Coyote looked at Little Rabbit. "How is it that at the West goal you had a brown spot on your left ear, Rabbit, and at the South goal your fur was darker than it is now, and at the North—"

"The judge," a small Indian boy, clasped his hands. "As that you are growing wise, Coyote," he said. "Little Rabbit had three of his brothers waiting at the goal points, ready to pop up as soon as you came near. That's how he never left the starting point. That was a mean, dishonest trick, so Coyote has won this race."

—Margaret L. Reynolds

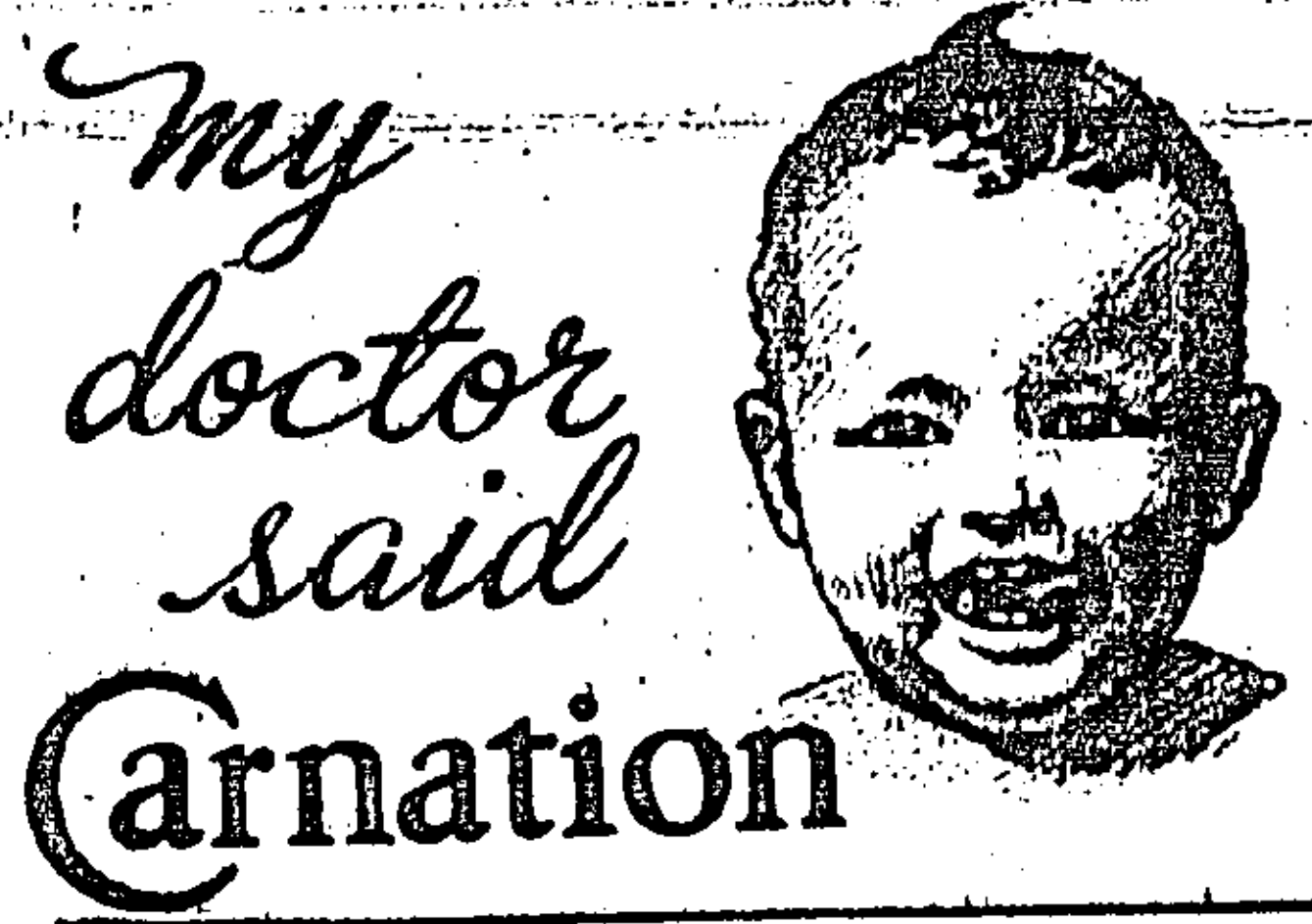
About Animals



THE AUSTRALIAN HEDGEHOG (ECHIDNA) IS FOUND ON THE MAINLAND OF AUSTRALIA. THE HEAD ELONGATED LIKE THAT OF THE PROPER ANTEATERS, AND CONTAINS IN THE JAW NO TEETH. THE NEWLY HATCHED INFANT LIVES SEVERAL WEEKS IN THE POUCH UNTIL QUILLS FORM THEN THE BABY IS EJECTED UNDER A CONVENIENT BUSH.

BRAIN TEASER

Fill in the missing letter to complete the word and name and—
—slept small, I am a naray
—look for my bushy tail and
—hibernate in the winter.
—barely over falling, I jump
—from tree to tree.
—every fall my coat changes
—colours with the leaves.
—look for my bushy tail and
—bony eyes.
—hibernate in the winter.
—barely over falling, I jump
—from tree to tree.
—every fall my coat changes
—colours with the leaves.
—look for my bushy tail and
—bony eyes.
—hibernate in the winter.



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TOP COLUMN
OF SHOW BUSINESS

Roderick Mann IN HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood's such a bore, says Novak

• They made me look like a zombie
...now I want to get away from it all

IT was eight o'clock at night. One of those warm, scented Californian evenings when the smell of the ocean and flowers finally prevails over the exhaust fumes of countless thousands of cars.

Kim Novak and I were at a drive-in restaurant on Sunset Boulevard—eating cheeseburgers in Cary Grant's Rolls-Royce.

I never did discover what a cheeseburger was, but, sitting there in a borrowed Rolls with Miss Novak, it would have been foolish to start analysing what I was eating.

"She's a beautiful, deep-thinking girl," Cary Grant—who knows her well—had said.

"She's a dumb ox," my floor waiter—who knows her not—had said.

So I sat next to the beautiful, deep-thinking girl who might or might not be a dumb ox, and regulated the electrically-operated seat to a 45 degree angle so that I could finish my cheeseburger and still look at her at the same time (that fellow Grant thinks of everything).

And she said, in her soft, rather out-of-breath voice: "There's one good thing about being me. From now on I can only go up. I have hit rock bottom, you see, by being wrongly handled, wrongly advised, and made to look like an idiot."

"Now things have to get better."

Kim Novak...I have hit rock bottom...now things must get better.

"Publicists used to ask studio visitors, 'You wanna meet Novak?' as if I were something in a cage. Do you wonder my morale sagged?"

"My publicity has been terrible. My name has been linked with so many men—Sammy Davis Jr., Frank Sinatra, Mario Bandini, in Rome—that if I had romances with them all I would never have time to act."

"But what's a single girl to do? I have to go out—and I would rather go out with men than women."

We finished the cheeseburgers and drove out along the neon-splattered boulevard, through Beverly Hills and up the winding canyons to Miss Novak's hill-top home.

Miss Novak went to the bar and mixed a beer and tomato juice for me. "It's my own invention," she said. "Try it."

Try it! After Cheeseburgers, what had I to lose?

There was a Siamese cat lurking about called Pyc which seemed on good terms with Miss Novak. It was, I learned, the same cat which had appeared with her in the film *Bell, Book and Candle*.

So romantic

So, together with Pyc, we inspected the house...the lavender dining room ("It's my favourite colour: I had to get it out of my system")...the blue and white bedroom, with the king-size bed and the automatically operated TV set in the wall which swings out and has a blue screen in front of it.



I went through that door like a runaway steer...

"At night," said Miss Novak, "this entire room is blue. It's really rather romantic. I think you would like it."

I told her I thought I would, too, and she steered me into the hall, towards a locked door.

"I have shut myself out from the back part of the house by mistake," she said.

"The keys are lost. I wonder if you could break the door down?"

This, I knew, was my chance to prove myself a better man than that shrimp Sinatra. I went through the door like a runaway steer.

"That was clever," she said, helping to reset my right arm. She and Pyc went back into the living room. "It's nice here," I said.

"I am selling it," said Miss Novak. "This is no way to live. Luxury and comfort are no good for you. You need poverty and hardship to be creative. Or hunger."

"If you're hungry you're always alert and striving. When you're well fed you're mentally sleepy. And I don't want that."

Not interested

The girl who was so obviously not a dumb ox sat forward on the settee and curled her knees beneath her.

"To me Hollywood is a provincial village," she said. "The people who live here think nowhere else exists. They have everything out of proportion. They read the gossip columns and trade papers and praise each other, and it's a bore—a great bore."

"I want to get away to the great, cold, creative cities. New York, for instance. Or London. There life can really be savoured."

"I am 20," she said, "and I don't want to stay here and stagnate like a vegetable between films. I am not interested in Hollywood. I don't even know half the people who live in films here. And none of my real friends are actors."

"No, I just want to become a better actress—which I think I am doing, because I can't get worse—and I want to continue with my painting and my writing and learning to be a real person, not an artificially created personality."

"When I first went to the studio, they gave me a Joan Crawford mouth, someone else's eyes, someone else's hair. I looked like a zombie."

Well, it didn't take long to wipe it all off. And whatever I may look like now, at least I look like Kim Novak.

It was dark in the room, and time to go.

Miss Novak walked me to the door and shook hands. I got into the car, revved the engine, and started slowly off down the canyon.

"Thanks for breaking down my door," she called.

(London Express Service.)

The Tennessee Williams Look...

I present the latest recruit to a gallery of remarkable women

LIMELIGHT by THOMAS WISEMAN

AFTER visiting two of the plays in rehearsal in London, I have come to the conclusion that the best possible training for any would-be playwright is a spell in the vice-squad.

There he will learn everything he needs to know about human nature.

Everyone who has seen a Tennessee Williams play knows that what is wrong with human beings is human nature, and the budding playwright must learn to make the most of it.

He will, of course, have a hard job competing with Mr. Williams in this respect. Mr. Williams, the playwright with his own private cesspool has already worked through all the acknowledged vices.

In doing this he has shown all the conscientiousness of the Old Vic working through the Shakespeare First Folio.

Milder

The latest play to emerge from his prolific sub-conscious and to reach London is, I am told, one of his milder efforts. It is called *Orpheus Descending* and with remarkable restraint, Mr. Williams has included only one nymphomaniac.

There are no dissonances at all, and the libel love is entirely heterosexual.

The hero meets his end by one of two alternative means. He is either (a) torn to pieces by ferocious dogs or (b) burned to death by means of a blow torch.

Apparently the producer can use his discretion as to which of these two techniques should be employed, Mr. Williams does not mind one way or the other.

To play one of Mr Williams' Southern fried chicks is clearly a formidable task calling for a remarkable personality.

To the impressive list of actresses—they include Anna Magnani, Vivien Leigh, Kim Stanley, Barbara Bel Geddes—who have been broiled alive in Mr Williams' rich prose must now be added the name of Miranda.

She plays "Ledy," with Mr Williams' enthusiastic approval, in the Royal Court production of *Orpheus Descending*—with Tony Richardson directing and Diane Cilento playing the nympho.

Having met this unusual woman—reported to have been Mussolini's favourite actress and admired from a distance by D'Annunzio—I felt that Mr Williams should have written a play about her instead of for her.

She looks like a cross between a de-glamorised Marlene Dietrich and a glamorised Anna Magnani, though she abhors comparison with either.

In addition to being an actress, she is a poet, a painter and a novelist. All the furniture of her apartment in Rome, which she rarely leaves to go out anywhere, has been designed by herself.

Love is sad

With all these vocations it is hardly ever sleeps.

"I write at night," she says, "because I never sleep more than two or three hours. To sleep is to waste time. I want all the time to live."

"I am very emotional. I am happy for nothing and I am unhappy for nothing. If I have to love I have to die for love. I feel everything to the most."

"My poems are about love, death. They are sad. Yes, love is always sad—in the end."



She looks like a cross between a de-glamorised Marlene Dietrich and a glamorised Anna Magnani, though she abhors comparisons with either

Tragedy

On the terrace of her flat in Rome stands a huge tree hung with the decapitated heads of plastic dolls.

She explains she has the dolls heads hanging from her tree because her mother taught her that babies come from trees.

"You see, I cannot have babies. It is my tragedy," she adds.

And when you ask her why she has chosen to sever the dolls' heads from their bodies, she replies: "Because the head is everything. The head is the most important part of the body."

Talking to her, one has the strange sensation of having wandered into the action of a Tennessee Williams play.

Reading between the lines of her fine face one can make out only brief episodes of a complex plot.

"I met Tennessee in America," she says. "We have many long beautiful talks. He encouraged me to write poetry. He is a wonderful man. Yes, he is a neurotic man. Perhaps that is why he is so wonderful."

All around her bed in her London hotel suite are her paintings. Heads of women. But no decapitated dolls' heads. Her books of poetry are stacked on the dressing table.

"To be happy," says Miss Novak, "is impossible. To be happy is to sleep 24 hours a night."

And, of course, Miss Novak hardly sleeps at all.

Discovery

The Old Vic clearly is moving with the times. The horror mongers of Hammer House, who have already done pretty well out of Shelley's wife—the creature of Frankenstein—were I am told, quite beside themselves with excitement on learning that she had a husband who could also write.

Playing Beatrice in *The Cenci* is that beautiful and highly talented actress Barbara Jefford, who spends most of her time at the Old Vic or at Stratford—working with the finest actors in the country.

She has repeatedly turned down offers from Hollywood

and British film companies in order to stay on at the Old Vic—for about £45 a week.

"On £45 a week," says Miss Jefford, "I can hardly claim to be starving for my art. And as I am doing what I want to do, nobody need feel sorry for me."

(London Express Service.)

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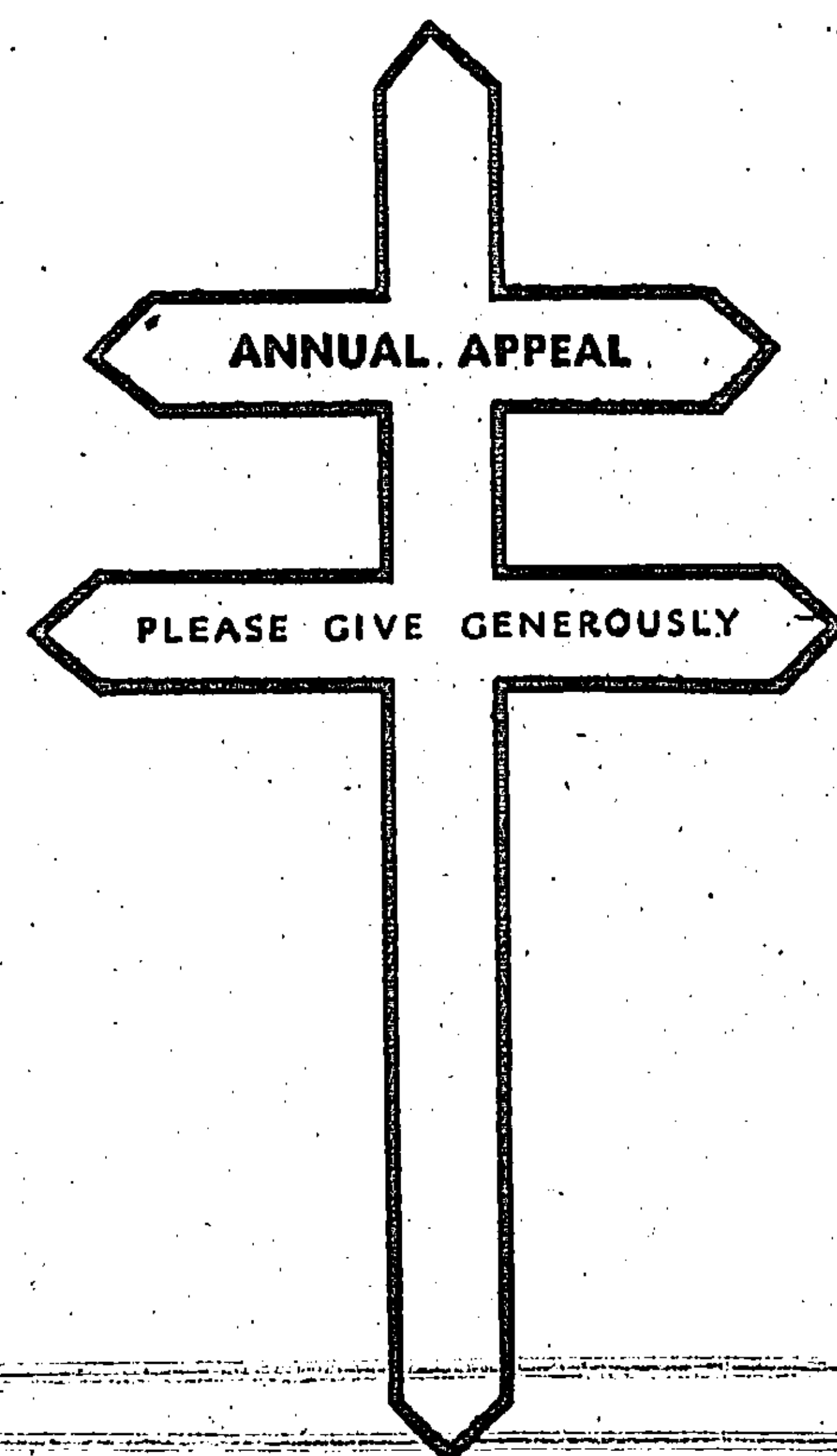
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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Violinist Arrives From Osaka Festival

Each Wednesday Radio Hongkong broadcasts two live shows with an entirely different appeal.

At a quarter to seven listeners are taken over to King George Hall, at the Mission to Seamen, to join in the fun as young players enjoy music and dancing with some of the best entertainers in the Colony.

Later in the same evening, at nine o'clock, the atmosphere changes as the station switches to the concert hall of Radio Hongkong for a music recital by one of the leading musicians present in the Colony on that week.

This week the world renowned violinist Maurice Wilk is in Hongkong, and has been invited to perform on this programme.

It will be the second broadcast over Radio Hongkong for this talented young American musician. Maurice Wilk has just arrived in the Colony from Japan, where he took part in the Osaka Music Festival.

In Wednesday's recital he will play two sonatas, Handel's Sonata in D, followed by the Sonata in A by Brahms. He will be accompanied at the piano by Moya Rea.

Castaway's Choice this evening features the most consistently successful light entertainment series in Hongkong in many years. Having originated the idea of turning his grand piano into a bar, surrounding it with stools and creating an innovation which is as intimate as it is novel, he has won for himself a vast following of regular fans.

Most of these "people" never hear the sort of music that Larry really likes to play. Given a choice of only six discs to last him the rest of his life on his desert island, his final selection should prove as interesting as his own colourful personality.

Monday's radio play comes from the United States and is an American Theatre of the Air production called "On Borrowed Time".

"On Borrowed Time" appeared on Broadway within a week of "Our Town," the first play broadcast by the Voice of America in this series.

Both plays are preoccupied with the subject of death. Playwright Paul Osborn sees in the theme of death something that can be held at bay if one is strong enough.

The Very Young

Radio Hongkong's children's programme, "The Very Young," at present broadcast each Monday afternoon, becomes a daily feature at the beginning of next month.

Producer, Mavis Bartlett, who has been compiling and presenting this programme for over two years now, is joined by Joanna Scott, who will be introducing new games, songs, and puzzles for the younger children.

Many familiar voices will be heard reading stories. Announcers, John Pirie and Thelma Stuart, disc jockeys Bill Dore and John Wallace, and



Violinist Maurice Wilk

many others have recorded stories for this programme. Thursday at least two of these will be played for children under six.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.760 Mc/s, 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s, 13.92m)

SATURDAY, MAY 9

7.30 p.m. Kenneth Morris hosts that series is "BEYOND OUR KEN".
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 COMMENTARY.
8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
8.30 THE WORLD OF THE WEEK.
8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

SUNDAY, MAY 10

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

MONDAY, MAY 11

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

TUESDAY, MAY 12

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

THURSDAY, MAY 14

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

FRIDAY, MAY 15

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 16

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
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8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

THURSDAY, MAY 14

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
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8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
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8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

FRIDAY, MAY 15

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
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8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 16

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
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8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
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8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

SUNDAY, MAY 17

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.30 THE NEWS.
8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
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8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

MONDAY, MAY 18

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
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8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

TUESDAY, MAY 19

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
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8.35 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.50 THE NEWS.
8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 THE TALKING SHOP.
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8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
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8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

THURSDAY, MAY 21

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
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8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
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9.00 THE NEWS.

FRIDAY, MAY 15

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
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9.00 THE NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 16

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
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SUNDAY, MAY 17

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
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9.00 THE NEWS.

MONDAY, MAY 18

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
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9.00 THE NEWS.

TUESDAY, MAY 19

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
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9.00 THE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
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9.00 THE NEWS.

THURSDAY, MAY 21

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
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9.00 THE NEWS.

FRIDAY, MAY 22

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
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8.40 THE NEWS.
8.45 THE TALKING SHOP.
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9.00 THE NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 23

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
8.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.15 THE TALKING SHOP.
8.20 THE NEWS.
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8.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
9.00 THE NEWS.

Today

12.30 p.m. COMPOSER CAVALCADE.
1.00 THE NEWS.
1.05 COMMENTARY.
1.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
1.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
1.20 THE TALKING SHOP.
1.25 THE NEWS.
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5.50 THE NEWS.
5.55 THE TALKING SHOP.
6.00 THE NEWS.

Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL. WEATHER REPORT. PROGRAMME PARADE. STUNNING SONG.
8.10 SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.15 WEATHER REPORT.
8.20 THE NEWS.
8.25 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.35 RECORD ROUND-UP.
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THE CHINA MAIL ART CRITIC LOOKS AT ANOTHER OF BRITAIN'S PROUD POSSESSORS

The banker's grandson finds riches in art

BY DAVID CARRITT

HIGH in my list of Proud Possessors I place Roland Penrose, who abandoned the safe prospects of a family bank to study painting in Paris, made friends with Picasso and the surrealists, and today owns, almost by accident, some of the most valuable modern pictures in England.

Childhood

The record of four brothers, Penrose was born in 1900 at his family's seat in Norfolk. His grandfather, the first Lord Peckover, was a Quaker banker and philanthropist. He also collected, but not for artistic reasons; the principal treasures at Peckover House were Sir Isaac Newton's foot-

stool, the largest earring in the world, and bottles of water from the Dead Sea. Young Roland had a conventional country childhood, went to Leighton Park, the leading Quaker public school, and then to Cambridge.

He could if he wished, have embarked on a lucrative career in the family bank. Instead, in his early twenties, he decided to become a painter. At this stage, his interest in modern art was limited to these artists: pre-war, Roger Fry; Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse and the Post-Impressionists. Established in Paris, he began to study, respectfully enough, in the traditional studios of Montparnasse, but soon these had ceased to satisfy him. He wanted an art which was totally new, an art which was not purely aesthetic but related somehow to the most modern

theories in politics and psychology.

One day, looking for a studio, he went to view an attic in the Rue Torleuse. The artist who wished to dispose of it was a young man called Max Ernst.

Fascinated

Penrose was fascinated by Ernst and by his pictures—strange visions of primitive forests and nightmare fantasies contrived from Victorian steel engravings cut up and pasted together again in disturbing juxtapositions.

Ernst was a surrealist, and in surrealism Penrose found the art he was looking for. Soon the two men became close friends and through Ernst Penrose came to know that group of artists and poets who were forging the surrealist movement: Aragon,

Eluard, Miro, Man Ray and their associate, Pablo Picasso. At this time, remember, the surrealists were regarded as dangerously subversive, not only for their assault on "Art," but because they claimed dependence on the theories of Freud and Karl Marx.

During his Paris years Penrose was poor and content to remain poor. On one occasion he was forced to sell his first acquisition, a Gauguin drawing for £19. This seemed like good business. He had paid £2 for it.

But his friendship with the surrealists enabled him to buy their works, which were then worth almost nothing. And when, after 13 years he decided to return to England, he had already accumulated some of their best pictures, as well as such Peckoverian oddities as the vertebrae of a dolphin and a mummified hand.

Back in England, Penrose was distressed to find that the advanced modern art which had been his life for so many years was still generally regarded as bunk. Nevertheless he soon



ROLAND PENROSE with Picasso's portrait of Mrs Penrose, formerly American photographer Lee Miller. When the Penroses' two-year-old son first saw the painting, he at once cried, "It's Mummy!"

made new allies in Paul Nash, Herbert Read and Henry Moore.

In 1935 they organised the first international surrealist exhibition, which provoked the Press to frenzies of rage over such minor items as a toadup

made of fur and a speech delivered by Dull from the depths of a diving suit.

It was only when the exhibition closed that Penrose began his career as a serious collector. Determined that not all the exhibits should return to foreign owners, he bought water-colours by Paul Klee, paintings by Ernst, Chirico and Miro, sculptures by Henry Moore.

Background

Not did he confine his purchases to the surrealists. To create for himself a background more truly representative of modern art he acquired cubist works by Picasso, Braque and Gris and a remarkable small painting of Don Juan by Picasso's customs-officer friend Henri Rousseau.

None of these acquisitions was made out of intellectual snobbery or for investment. Only since the war have pictures by these artists become smart or valuable, in a way which even the keenest picture-fancier could never have foreseen.

Today, Penrose does not live like a rich man. He has a small farm in Sussex, a small flat in a hideous Kensington street. But he lives surrounded by immensely valuable pictures, pictures which he loves as pictures, and not because each of them represents the price of a Rolls-Royce or a villa on the Mediterranean.

Many are not even hung. He moves them about as though they were living things. He agrees with what Picasso once said to him: "If you want to kill a picture you have only to hang it on a nail."

Riots

Twice since the war he has sold a Picasso from his collection. One, to a French dealer who promptly resold it for £20,000 to the Museum of Eindhoven. When the good citizens of that town learned how much had been paid, there were riots in the streets. The same sum could not buy it today.

The second was Picasso's Women with a Mandolin, to the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The price was not disclosed, but I imagine it was not less than £30,000.

Penrose still owns many Picasso paintings and drawings. One of these is a seemingly abstract cubist portrait, was painted in 1911. Penrose, who had never met the artist, recognised him immediately in a Paris café in the 'thirties. Others are his wife's portrait and the famous Woman Weeping.

It is ironic that this son of a solid banking house who threw in his lot with a group of artistic anarchists in the 'twenties, should end up 30 years later as the most distinguished, and potentially the richest, of all his family.

(London Express Service).



London Express Service.

WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR HK's ABANDONED BABIES?

Our reporter tells of the work done by various organisations and individuals in caring for these unfortunate children

By Joanne Blair

WITH slow, measured steps the policeman paced his beat in the back streets of Kowloon. Suddenly a thin, broken wail pierced the air. He stopped and listened. The cry came again, but more feeble.

The constable turned toward a nearby pile of lumber and began to brush away a soft layer of sand at the base. Then quickly he lifted a tiny grey-skinned bundle of flesh—a new born baby.

That was one of the 53 abandoned babies found between January and March of this year.

They find them in back alleys, vacant fields, stairwells and even on the main roads. Often these bedraggled specimens of unwanted humanity have to be sent to hospital for as much as a month to six weeks. After that they're handed over to various children's institutions where a new group of people assume their responsibility.

Given Care

The institutions do the very best they can. The babies are kept spotlessly clean, given plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and fed on good food with added vitamins for any deficiencies they might have and watched over from dawn till dusk.

As our photograph shows, eight once-peaked little waifs in



This is Buttercup. Of course, that's not her real name but it's the one given her by her foster parents Mr and Mrs Paul Vezou.



A happy group of orphans presently being cared for at the Fanling Babies Home, run by the Christian Children's Fund.

placed 116 Hongkong Chinese in American families. Another 20 youngsters are scheduled to leave the Colony within the next two weeks.

The system is relatively simple yet requires an unbelievable amount of work to be done by trained social workers.

An American home wanting to adopt a child first applies through their own welfare agency and then undergoes a thorough investigation. Should they prove "sound" a report of the family is sent to the I.S.S. and the wheels begin to roll.

Search Begins

Working through the Department of Social Welfare and children's institutions in the Colony, Mrs Fried and her six trained assistants begin a search for the child most likely to fit in with the family's requirements. The child's physical appearance and background (if known) are all as closely matched as possible with that of the adoptive parents. Once selected and granted legal clearance, the child is put through a series of medical checks such as laboratory tests, X-rays and vaccinations before being passed by the health authorities. All being well, the child is then sent to its new home in America. This process usually takes about six months.

While it is mostly American families wanting children, about 12 per cent of the total are Western homes. The youngsters are adopted anywhere from infancy up to fourteen years of age and are given taken into homes by people who already have children of their own.

To bridge the gap between the time the child is taken from the institution and placed in its adoptive home, consideration was given to the possibility of adding the adjustment period right here in the Colony. That was when the foster home idea sprang up.

Another I.S.S. worker, Mrs Grace Horton, took charge and arranged for local people to take these children for periods of six

weeks to three months in order to accustom them to family life. The whole scheme is entirely voluntary. The baby, with its own clothes, is sent to selected foster home. Should it need vitamins or medical care, the I.S.S. pays for it. Otherwise everything is done by the foster parents.

Foster Homes

So far, four babies have been placed in foster homes. But homes are also needed for the older children even if it's only for weekend visits.

An existing case at the moment is that of a Canadian who is staying in a Canadian home prior to her departure for the States.

At seventeen months she's as dirty in appearance as a Dresden figurine and as delicate in manner as a fairy's wings. Her dark eyes sparkle and when she smiles she displays two very white teeth. She plays happily by herself, seldom cries and responds eagerly to any attention that comes her way. But this case and vitality is something that has come only since she's been in her foster home, learning the ways of family life.

Buttercup was abandoned by her mother in Nathan Road one winter day. At the time, her age was estimated at 5 or 6 days. After a month in hospital she was placed in a children's home where she was discovered by the I.S.S. and marked for adoption into an American Chinese home.

Love And Affection

Now, while the last details of her case are taken care of, she remains in her foster home surrounded by love and affection. The day Mr and Mrs Vezou brought her to their Macdonnell Road flat, she was a quiet, lethargic little creature who showed no reaction to anything whatsoever. Indeed, she never uttered a sound for 24 hours. For the first few days she regarded her mouth as the entrance to an endless tunnel and ate herself into a state of

discomfort. Not because she hadn't been well fed, but rather, because everything was so new. "Then, after three or four days," laughed Mrs Vezou, "she decided she liked the place and blossomed forth in quaint imitation of her name."

Since then, it's been easy sailing all the way. Buttercup has gone from 15lbs in weight to 18½lbs all in three short weeks. She eats only what she requires now, thinks banana custard is the best diet ever and takes as many toys as she can into the bath.

Top honours go to her foster parents though, who are taking "great care" to prepare "her as much as possible for the life she will enjoy with her adoptive parents."

Mrs Vezou, her husband and their annual all take turns bathing, playing and putting Buttercup to bed so that she knows the mother care that normally assists and brings about these childish wonders. However, with the love and care she's been getting in the Vezou household, she has ceased to regard her legs as "in the way" and now looks upon them as possible useful appendages.

Watching our tiny black-haired beauty as she pulled off her socks one by one and held them up for prizes of a job well done, I asked Mrs Vezou what she thought about the undertaking.

"I love it," was her immediate comment. Then she added, "But we're going to miss her terribly when she leaves for the States."

Buttercup looked up from the floor and cocked a small eyebrow. Then she threw away the socks and reached for a woolly doll which she hugged with considerable glee. It was an introductory gift that her new parents had sent her from America.

Childish Wonders

Buttercup still doesn't walk. She's not a backward child—it's just that she's been denied the mother care that normally assists and brings about these childish wonders. However, with the love and care she's been getting in the Vezou household, she has ceased to regard her legs as "in the way" and now looks upon them as possible useful appendages.

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GOLD GALORE IN BELGRAVIA



ANNE SHARPLEY
I see for myself

IMAGINE the frustration of wanting a gold-plated bath—and not being able to find a bath manufacturer who will do it.

I suppose you could take your bath to a jeweller's and get it dipped along with the poodle-leads and Lord Mayor's crockery.

But wouldn't you think bath manufacturers would jump at the chance of adding opulence and poetry to the rather dull business of making baths?

It could be the crowning event in a bath manufacturer's life. A bath to remember.

The setbacks

Such are the setbacks that can be encountered if you are fighting a lone battle for luxury in darkest London.

For, given the money, luxury can be as dedicated, absorbing and maddening a pursuit as the same set of circumstances, without the money, it seems.

Take that crimson velvet hand-rail, for instance. Should it be that rich and royal stuff at £14 a yard that the Queen's coronation robes? Or this Italian velvet that is even costlier?

Even that small but gold-soaked island girl by the white cliffs of Belgravia has never heard anything like Charles Brown talking before.

His theory is that there is not enough luxury in London. That really rich people don't do their duty and spend what they should on their homes. "They'll spend £200,000 on a painting and then hang it on the wall of a place they've argued about paying £20,000 for," he says.

So he has set them a pretty stiff example in Belgravia by coring one of their stucco palaces as casually as you might core an apple, stuffing it with luxury flats, and declaring a starting price for them at £50,000.

Listening to Charles Brown talking about the luxury of an exclusive listening to an impassioned isolated sound. A Welsh preacher, or a high wind, Yehudi Menuhin or ice cracking.

Here is the underground garage for six Rolls-Royces with its own traffic light, and an electric turntable," he sings. (Note the uncompromising use of the word Rolls-Royce).

Fine tapestry

The £10,000 lift lined with fine tapestry and crimson leather, was not installed yet, so we told our way up the staircase where a blacksmith solitary blossoming in the Machine Age has copied an 1810 baluster and where the crimson handrail will eventually coil upwards like a box constrictor attending a State Opening of Parliament.

Mr Brown has no use for the 20th century of art. All beauty, all ability and all real luxury stopped in the early 19th century, he believes. "You can cut it with a knife at 1820."

Modern architecture is "just a cult of necessity." All you need is a pencil, a set-square and a one-shilling copy of the by-laws.

Mr Brown works from books that are dated 1769 and his plasterers, mouldings and an excellent one, proceed to the width of one of Palladio's eyelashes.

Going back

Accordingly, although the building he has taken over at the corner of Belgrave Square is dated 1840-50, he has sternly pushed it back to within its time limit of 1810-20.

As we climb the stairs the air is filled with the calm, sweet odour of carved wood, Corinthian pilasters, fresh and crisp as celery are propped in corners ready to take up their positions as sentinels of elegance.

Now we are at the penthouse—a glass and plaster box that overlooks everything Belgravia regards as London.

With something between a gown and a chuckle, mirror-fronted doors open and shut at the touch of a button. Even the coal and log store (real fires being an ornamental necessity) has a mirror-fronted bottom-operated door.

"This room will have an Adoni ceiling and the carpet is being specially woven to reflect the pattern of the ceiling, at £45 a yard."

Am I not particularly interested in cost? I know that when people see these things all put together in this way they will buy," says Mr Brown, whose confidence has grown over



Nothing Works Like Safe Play

THE Professor's two no-trump opening was just the least bit shaded but North's raise to game had a trifle in reserve and if everything happened to work he might actually have made 12 tricks.

As it was he made nine tricks with everything wrong. He ducked the first heart after East played the three spot, won the second and played ace and another club. West was in and led a third heart which South won. Now the diamond finesse lost.

NORTH
♠ 1008
♥ 743
♦ A 1088
♣ J873

WEST
♠ K42
♥ QJ 1086
♦ 843
♣ K2

EAST
♠ Q753
♥ 743
♦ 852
♣ A108

SOUTH (D)
♠ AJS
♥ AK9
♦ QJ7
♣ AQ 109

No one vulnerable
South 2 N.T. Pass East 3 N.T. Pass
Pass Pass
Opening lead—♥ Q

but since East did not have a heart to lead back South made one spade, two hearts and three tricks in each minor suit for a total of nine.

"Why didn't you try the diamond finesse right away?" asked the student.

"I wasn't after overtricks," replied his mentor. "By abandoning the club finesse and playing the way I did I did not matter who held the king of clubs. As long as East did not hold five hearts my contract was entirely safe and I was sure that was the case. Remember, East played the three of hearts on the first lead of the suit."

TODAY'S QUESTION
Your partner continues with a bid of four spades. What do you do now?
Answer on Monday

THE VITAL QUESTION LURKING BEHIND THAT 'MONDAY MORNING FEELING'



Take a look at yourself as you take those first steps to work. Do you ever day-dream of the way you might be spending your day—or are you happy with the life you lead now?



Are you really in the right job?

HOW will it be on Monday morning? Like last Monday—and the Monday before that?

Will you wake with the dull realization that something unpleasant is going to happen to you?

Then, when you are fully awake, will you suddenly know what it is that is troubling you—in a couple of hours you will be back at work?

And when you realize that nearly every Monday morning, for perhaps the next 30 years, you will face the same prospect, will you desperately wish the world was new and you were young again?

SO NATURAL

If you have never had this experience, you are unique. Most people feel like it occasionally.

And that is perfectly natural. After a glorious and blissful weekend, with all the joys of earning your living, banished, the first hint of "back to work" is bound to be a little jarring. But, since most men and many women will spend about four-fifths of their lives working, it is only sensible to avoid the sort of work that is going to give you that horrible Monday morning feeling every Monday morning!

The following quiz is designed to help you discover

not what your Monday morning feeling is, but what it will be three or four years hence—unless you do something soon about finding more congenial work.

1 What would you do if you won a fortune on the pools?

(a) live a life of leisure.
(b) have a good holiday and come back to your present job or something like it.
(c) spend a year or two qualifying for a new job.

2 Looking back over the last few years would you say you had been more often away ill on:

(a) a Monday?
(b) a Friday?
(c) neither?

3 When a new person starts work with you, do you:

(a) take them round and show them the ropes?
(b) tell them what the regulations are?
(c) wait until they ask for help?

4 How did you get your present job?

(a) largely by chance.
(b) by contacts.
(c) because you had planned it.

5 What chances do you hope for in 20 years' time?

(a) shorter hours.
(b) more money for the same work.
(c) very little change.

6 When would you work overtime without pay?

(a) if everyone else did it.
(b) if the job was urgent.
(c) never.

7 If you were given complete freedom at work would you make:

(a) a lot of changes?
(b) a few alterations?
(c) carry on as before?

8 Would you move to another district if you could earn more money there?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

9 Do you think anyone else could do your job as well as you do?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

10 On the whole would you say the people you work with are:

(a) a pretty interesting lot of people?
(b) fairly average?
(c) a dull lot?

11 "Most young people these days just drift into jobs without giving the matter enough thought." Do you agree?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

12 What will you miss most when you retire?

(a) the people you work with.
(b) the work itself.
(c) the money.

13 Which of these do you dislike most about your job?

(a) the travelling.
(b) the people you work with.
(c) the hours.

14 Do you think your boss always says what he thinks about your work?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

15 Do you sometimes wish you had spent more time on your education?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

16 What do you think is more important in a boss?

(a) the ability to help you when you get into difficulties.
(b) the ability to recognise your good work.
(c) the ability to recognise your bad work.

17 Do you think the retiring age should be:

(a) raised?
(b) lowered?
(c) left the same?

18 What job do you hope to be doing in 10 years' time?

(a) the same job with a higher salary.
(b) a different job at more or less the same salary.
(c) a different job with a higher salary.

19 What would you say was the best way to get promotion or a rise?

(a) working well at your present job.
(b) telling your boss you were looking for another job.
(c) asking for it.

20 Would you say that most people had a sense of loyalty to their work?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

13. (a) 3, (b) 1, (c) 2.
14. (a) 3, (b) 1.
15. (a) 1, (b) 3.
16. (a) 1, (b) 3.
17. (a) 3, (b) 1, (c) 2.
18. (a) 3, (b) 2, (c) 1.
19. (a) 3, (b) 1, (c) 2.
20. (a) 3, (b) 1.

HOW DID YOU RATE?

OVER 40: "Hoorny," you say on Monday morning, "back to work!"

You should be very successful—not necessarily financially—possibly even a bit of a nabob, for you are well suited to your job and you enjoy going to work.

BETWEEN 25 and 40: "Well," you say on Monday morning, "back to work."

Not quite the work you think you should be doing, for you believe you are capable of greater things. With a little more push and effort your ambitions should be realized and you will be joining the "Hall Monday morning" group.

UNDER 25: You can hardly wake up on Monday morning! You are in the wrong job and, secretly, you know it. Well, what is the right job for you? Think about it; find out about it; and go to it!

—(London Express Service).

ADD UP YOUR POINTS

1. (d) 1, (b) 3, (c) 2.
2. (a) 1, (b) 1, (c) 3.
3. (a) 3, (b) 2, (c) 1.
4. (a) 1, (b) 2, (c) 2.
5. (a) 3, (b) 2, (c) 1.
6. (a) 2, (b) 3, (c) 1.
7. (a) 1, (b) 3, (c) 2.
8. (a) 1, (b) 3.
9. (a) 3, (b) 2.
10. (a) 3, (b) 2, (c) 1.
11. (a) 1, (b) 3.
12. (a) 3, (b) 3, (c) 1.

World-famous detective Bob Fabian, formerly of Scotland Yard, and well-known British journalist David Roxan, on a subject which fathers and mothers everywhere should keep in mind.

CHILDREN IN PERIL

Every Parent Must Heed This Warning

By DAVID ROXAN

HOW can you be sure YOUR child will not be savagely attacked—even killed—by a maniac in some park this year?

A cruel question? Perhaps. A blunt one? Of course. But the subject is not one for polite words and wishful thinking.

Children are in grave danger. One terrible crime is liable to trigger off a spate.

That is why I say it is pertinent to ask: "Can you be sure your child will not be the next victim of the maniac murderers who prey on the very young—the child sex-killers?"

And why I invite you to consider what we can do to stop the evil before more and more youngsters fall victims.

First, a few simple questions: At this very moment, do you know the exact whereabouts of your children?

Are they with friends... or playing outside the house... or in the park under responsible supervision?

If a stranger speaks to them, will they run home and tell you? Will they? Can you be sure?

These are questions every parent must constantly ask. Better a hundred times to be over-cautious than to be sorry afterwards.

I know the agony of losing a child. It is something that cannot be communicated to others. I lost a son in a car accident. I know what it did to me. And to my wife.

But what a parent must feel whose child is horribly re-

A Harley Street (London) psychiatrist, Dr Ellis Stungo, told me:

"Most of these men are criminal lunatics. All we can do in the light of present knowledge is shut them away."

"We must realise that any man who commits an offence against a child is a potential sex-killer. Fixed prison sentences are no good. We should introduce 'indeterminate sentences' so that they are not released until we are medically sure they can do no more harm."

"I am against capital punishment. But I would hang these men who assault and kill young children. They are untreatable."

They may not, of course, be always untreatable. At Grendon Underwood, in Berkshire, the British Home Office is building a criminal psychiatric research centre where child sex-killers will continually be watched by doctors in an effort to find out what makes them tick.

Experience shows that summer, when more children are out playing in the parks, the streets, and in the country ways, is the time the child attackers generally strike. Yet summer is not the only time of danger. Consider what has happened in Bethnal Green in the last months of winter and the first of spring. In four months of this year 1958 the bodies of half a dozen young children have been found—twice as many as in the whole of last year.

But this is a frightful problem that affects every country. Recognising the men responsible for these crimes is not easy. But we can be on guard against them every moment of each day. To this end total co-operation with the police is vital. "Not bothering," can spell a child's death-sentence.

If you see a stranger continually accosting children in parks and playgrounds, go at once to the police.

If you hear of a child being offered any inducement to go for a walk or a car ride, go at once to the police.

If your child is involved in a suspected sex case, however, no matter how unpleasant you think the consequences may be, go at once to the police.

In Scotland Yard the files on sex-killings of young children are always marked "bring forward." Though they may deal with unsolved crimes and have failed to yield the slightest clue, they are never put away. Continually they are re-read by officers who did not originally work on the case, in the hope that they may spot a lead to be followed up.

The Yard knows full well that a warped mind which gets away with one sex-killing will probably attempt another.

I discussed the problem with ex-Detective Superintendent Robert Fabian, who in his long career at Scotland Yard investigated the sex killings of young children.

With two grandchildren of his own, aged eight and six, Fabian regards this as a personal as well as a police affair.

"Any policeman," he told me, "will work every hour until he drops to track down one of these men. Themselves fathers and even grandfathers, they see at first-hand what agony is inflicted by those who commit these diabolical crimes."

"Parents, teachers, police, doctors and the children themselves—all must play their part in preventing them. All must play their part. Agreed, but on parents rests the greatest responsibility."

Children must not grow up with minds coloured by distrust and superstition. But they must be protected. How, then, does one warn them of the evil that exists?

Fabian, I think, sums it all up when he says: "The warning should be as frequent and as wholesome as the goodnight kiss."

Read Fabian's rules for your child. They make good, sound advice. I believe that if followed diligently—by parents and children—they could save the lives of youngsters who, at this very moment, may be earmarked for attack by a sex-maniac.

FABIAN SAYS: "TEACH THEM THESE RULES."

Every child should be taught to follow the rules, says Fabian of the Yard.

NEVER GO ANYWHERE, NO MATTER HOW SHORT A DISTANCE, with a stranger who promises sweets, money or a toy. Always say, "I must go and ask my Mummy first."

NEVER ACCEPT a message said to be from your parents but passed on to you by a stranger unless it is accompanied by a hand-written note or some personal belonging.

NEVER ACCEPT a car-lift from a stranger, even in a thunderstorm. Better get wet than run any risks.

NEVER HAVE any quarrels about approaching a policeman or going to the nearest police station if frightened by strangers.

NEVER ENTER a public lavatory, unless it is essential. Stay as much as possible with other children.

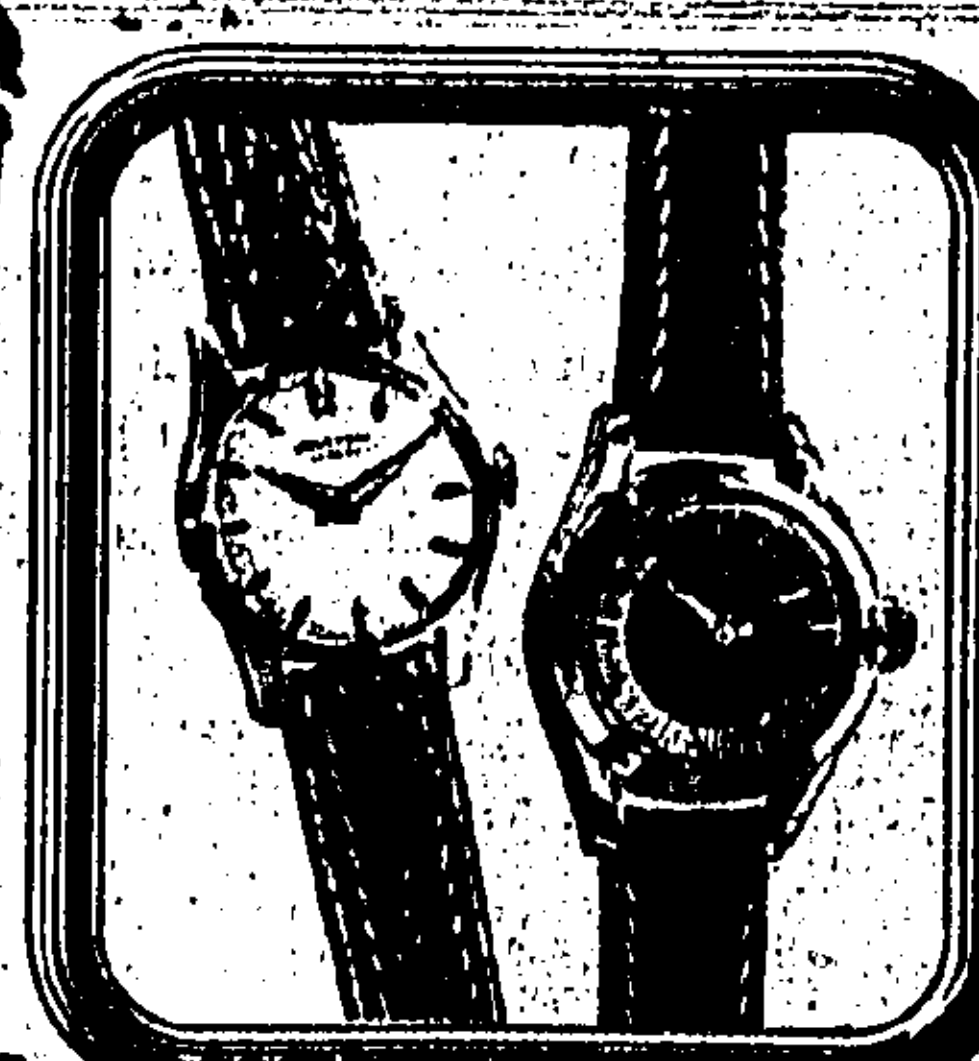
NEVER ENTER an empty compartment on a train or one where there is only one person.

FABIAN goes on: In the case of younger children, parents must "keep an eye on them" as much as possible.

SCHOOLS can help by advising children how to look after themselves to and from school. Patrols of police can always be on hand when they come out in case the odd stranger is lurking around.



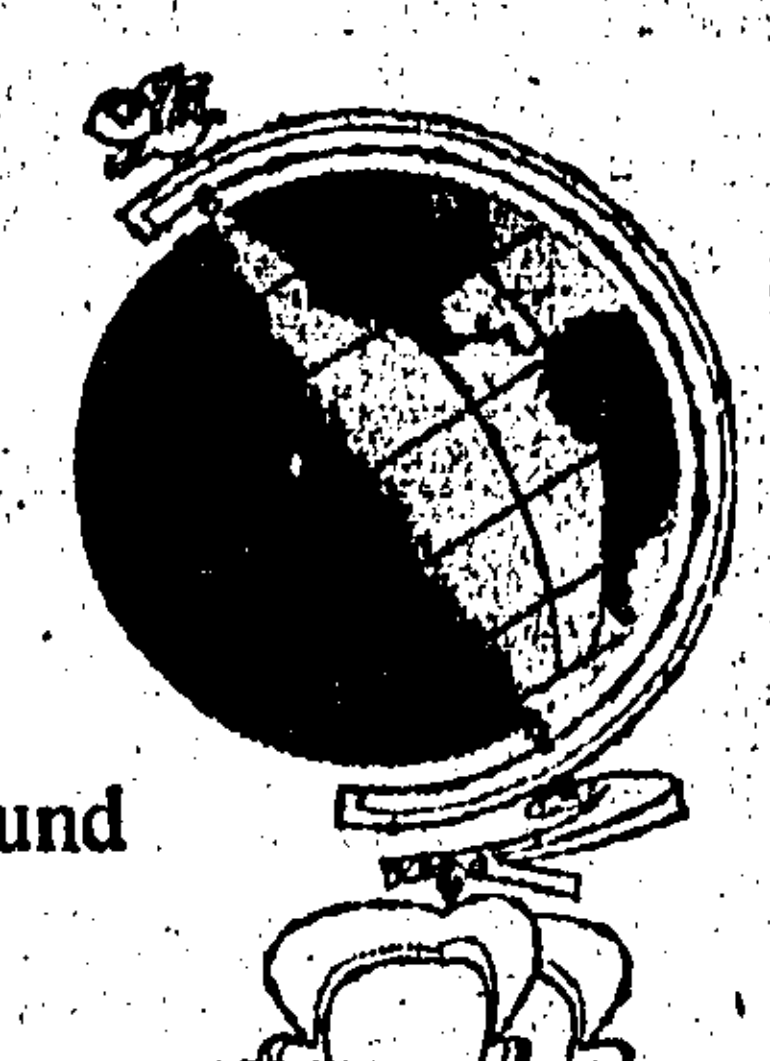
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Budden Watch Co., 104 Queen's Rd., C.
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Special Saturday Sports Spot By I. M. MacTavish

THE WONDER OF WEMBLEY

Comet - Cup Final - Comet
Makes A Magnificent
Football Sandwich

North, South, East, or West, where in the world can one find a sporting spectacle to compare in dignity, grandeur, splendour, nerve-tingling excitement or stark drama with Cup Final day at Wembley?

Ah... the wonder of Wembley. Its sheer magnificence has raised good men to greatness and even to sporting immortality. History will tell of "Matthews' Final of 1953", of Cowan's International of 1948, of the famous Wembley wizards of thirty years ago, yet out of the Wembley sunshine and dwelling in its darkest and shadiest corners there are stories of touching tragedy and bitter disappointment.

It is the unpredictable blend of these two contrasting elements that makes Wembley the greatest show on earth—the Mecca of Soccer and its faithful followers.

The chairman of a famous British football club pointed rather ruefully at the apparently placid and perfect playing surface. "Have you even seen a more attractive night?" He asked.

"There is nothing like it anywhere... and yet that same piece of verdant turf can be as fickle as a scheming female and as treacherous as poison. By some it is kind beyond measure but deep down in its hidden stony heart there seems to be a corner that year by year decides to punctuate all the thrills and excitement with a touch of cruel drama. My own club has experienced both."

Gay Deceiver

Yes, that is Wembley. The mighty stadium which rose to international greatness from out of the discarded hulk of the 1924 Wembley exhibition stadium which, down through the years, has developed its own character and its own reputation as a gay deceiver: a stadium which nowadays is so deeply steeped in tradition that its splendid sword is forgiven its treachery while its tricks and tantrums are forgotten in the glowing memories of its regal moments.

Last weekend I was privileged to couple the marvels of this modern jet age with the mature wonders of Wembley. They made a magnificent combination.

Twenty thousand miles in the luxury of Boac's incomparable Comet made the perfect travel pattern to and from the equally incomparable environment of the Cup Final.

Mad?

"Frankly I'm sure everybody in the stadium thought I had gone mad... but secretly I felt rather pleased with myself for when the ball was retrieved from the crowd it was... strangely enough... found to be so!!! I tried to look as surprised and innocent as possible. However, to answer your question, briefly... I love Wembley and everything it stands for."

Stanley Matthews, keen as a youngster was, of course, up for Cup and made this admission. "There is nothing like it. Wembley is something apart, when you lose you feel the world has come to an end. You try to console yourself, there will be another chance for the lucky ones like me, there sometimes is. When you win and walk up the stairs to get your medal you get a glow of satisfaction that I cannot describe. It's a wonderful feeling."

In one of the tunnels leading to the grand stand I talked for some time to a famous England star of a few years ago and one who played many times at Wembley. He had now taken over as manager of a big North of England club and he had this to say about the Cup Final... and Wembley.

'Dangerous Drug'

"Wembley is a dangerous drug and there are few footballers in England who are not addicts. You struggle madly to get to it. When you win your semi-final tie and realise the great day is just ahead you alternately tingle and shiver... you bubble over in the moments of sweet anticipation and suddenly you shiver in dread of being a failure when the big moment arrives. You run the gamut of emotions... elation, fear, hope, apprehension and then, as the day draws nearer, you develop a new misery—the soul destroying thought that you might not make it after all. You might lose your form... get injured... be dropped... and none of them are really resolved until you are out there on the



Forest's first goal came in the 10th minute from Roy Dwight (extreme left), Forest outside-right, who dances with joy as he sho his shot crash into the Luton net.



Thirty-three minutes gone, and it looks ominous for Luton as good-snatching Roy Dwight, in dark shirt, bursts through again. This time Luton's McNally gets to the ball first. Then, collision. And Dwight's dream day is shattered by a broken leg.

pitch waiting for the official presentation. After that every player in his own way feels quite different. The artificial tribulations are over and the game is real again... It is a wonderful experience. I would give anything to be able to relive it all... and I'd willingly take the bitter with the sweet."

The Tragedy

Much has been said about the tragedy which has so often been associated with the Cup Final. The 1939 event was no exception and I thought you might like to know what injured Roy Dwight felt in the aftermath of the game.

Nottingham Forest played some glorious football in the early part of the match and as the rarer-sharp forwards sliced through the Luton defence many of the spectators began to feel that the Wembley scoreboard was about to be taxed to the limit. Then, just at the height of their superiority, Forest lost Roy Dwight with a broken leg.

On Sunday I went out to Wembley hospital and was privileged to have the chance of an interview with the injured star who, just twenty-four hours earlier, had thrilled 100,000 fans with as fine a goal as has ever been seen in the hallowed arena.

A Great Thrill

Roy had his wife and friends at the bedside when I saw him. I told him that the folks in Hongkong would like to hear something of his reactions to his Wembley expedition... an expedition which encountered the stadium's magnanimity and maliciousness in equal measure.

Propped up in bed, and looking remarkably cheerful, Roy summed things up like this: "I look as though I shall be out of the game until next season but the doctors tell me that it's a clean break and I should make a full recovery. Getting to Wembley was a great thrill. I had been there before in a youth game but it was watched by only 500 fans instead of the 100,000 who were there for my second visit. Seeing the flying-lane net-work... I hit it. I felt terrific... oh what a feeling it was. Forest stuck to the kind of classic football we had been playing all season and it was a relief to see it all over again. I kept it up well but back at Wembley again next season. Thank Forest supporters in Hongkong for their good wishes and assure them that my injury was an accident. Brendan McNally was blameless... but didn't our boys put up a wonderful fight with ten men?"

I had a look at Roy's coveted medal and asked him how he felt at the beginning of the game. "Strangely enough," he replied, "I didn't feel as nervous as I had expected and much like any other game."

Finally as though to prove the comments of one of my other contacts Roy chipped in with... and now I have one ambition... to play at Wembley again. There it is, the dream... and the addlet all over again.

The glittering future of the one is indeed complementary to the glorious past of the other. As I sat in London and pondered on the many magnetic attractions of Cup Final day at Wembley I thought you good people so far away might like to know what some of the men who have had a close association with the Cup Final, think about it.

The first personally I met as I walked into the great Northern Hotel was Sam Bartram, one of the truly great goalkeepers in English football history, and one whose long service with Charlton Athletic saw him win every honour in the game except a full international cap for his country. Sam, now manager of newly promoted York City, was one of the most popular players in British soccer and he is affectionately remembered as 'England's best uncapped goalkeeper.'

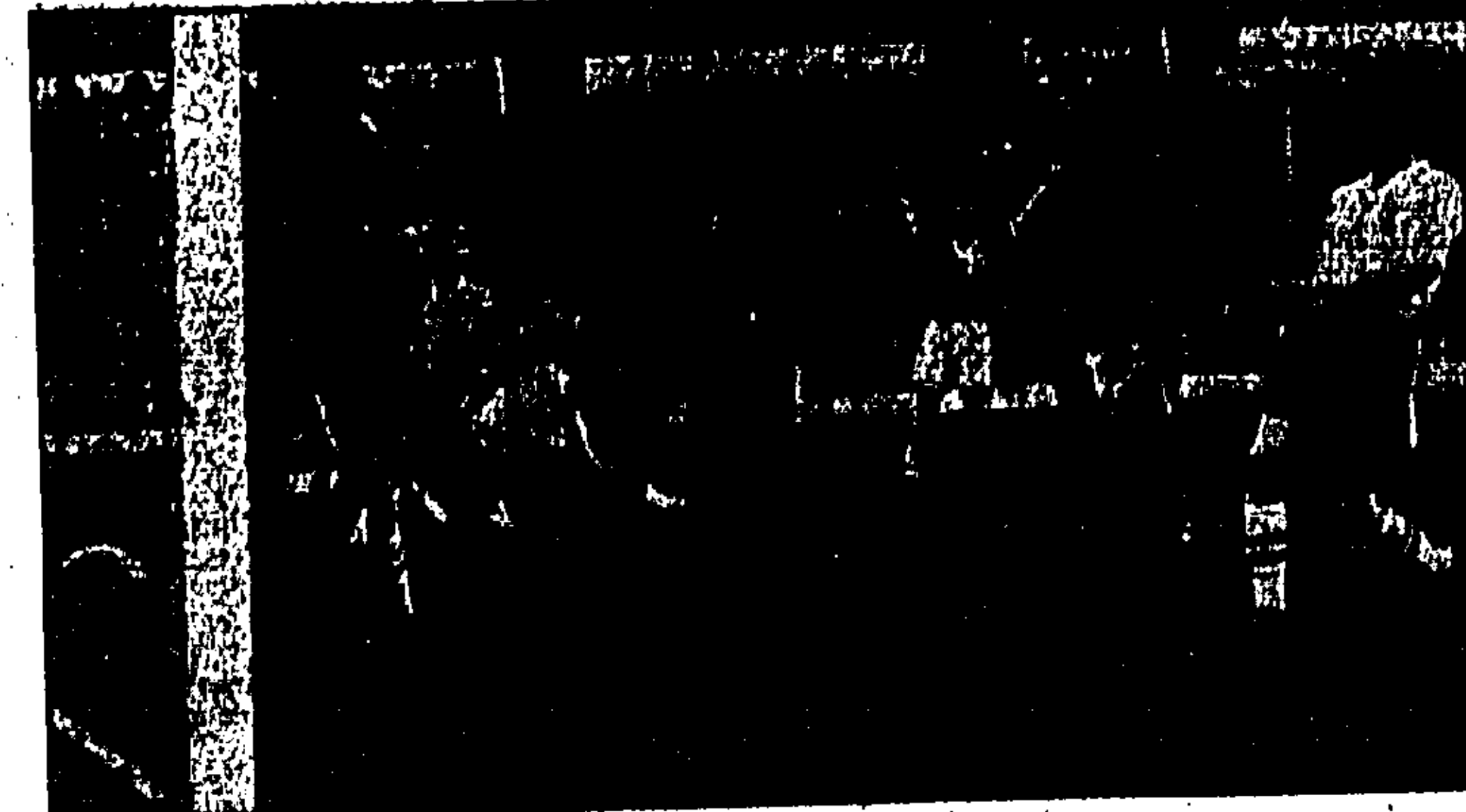
'Worst Moments'

"Tell me how Wembley treated you," I asked and his is the typically frank reply. "I don't know what I'm talking about for I have had two of my worst moments there. When Charlton played Derby County in the final we had two of Britain's best radio comedians in the dressing room, gagging away in an effort to keep the boys from worrying too much about the game ahead. I'm afraid they just couldn't raise a laugh. Soon after the game started, and just as I was beginning to feel something like normal again for the first time in days, I moved towards the ball only to see one of my own players defect it away from me. I was furious. That was a terrible moment. I died a thousand deaths. I hope I never experience anything like it again. On another occasion I jumped to catch a high ball and in my arms it burst. I ask you... what does a Wembley goalkeeper do when he suddenly finds himself with a burst arm in his arms, a hundred thousand fans roaring at the top of their voices and a bunch of opponents ready to bundle him into the net?"

Worthwhile

This year I probably enjoyed the rare distinction of being the furthest travelled spectator... and may I say that every mile of the 20,000 I journeyed was worthwhile. From Hongkong to London and back I was stimulated by the thought that the mighty Comet was making a mockery of old fashioned ideas of time and distance. At Wembley... and in the company of the sort of people who have contributed so much to football... I knew I was at the greatest of all soccer occasions... a minute and temporary part of the finest of all football pilgrimages.

The colourful scene and the smooth presentation of the Cup Final is a memorable sight. This time it was once more a 'Royal' game with Her Majesty, the Queen, and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh together again in the famous royal box. The two teams displayed magnificent sportsmanship... and in a game where all the trimmings were so superb there was one other vital contribution.



Forest built up a 2-0 lead in the 14th minute and this time the scorer was Wilson.

despite his disappointment, was lavish in his praise of Nothingham Forest. "I began to despair after about half an hour," he said, "for I could do nothing right... and if the referee had looked away I would have examined the ball to make sure that someone hadn't tampered with it by slipping in a square one."

"How do you feel about this whole Wembley affair?" I enquired, and I was hardly surprised at the answer. "Wembley is a challenge to every footballer who enjoys the honour of playing there. As far as I am concerned it has won the first round... but I'll be back... and my next time it will be my turn."

Worthwhile

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And so the 1959 Wembley Cup Final passes into history.

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13TH (WHITSUN) RACE MEETING
Saturday 16th and Monday 18th May, 1959
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 22 RACES
The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on the 1st Day.
On the 2nd Day the First Bell will be rung at 11.50 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon. The Fifth Interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE
No person without an admission badge which must be prominently displayed throughout the meeting will be admitted.
Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, 5 D'Aguiar Street and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member.
ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS
Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).
NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.
The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE
Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be available in the RESTAURANT.

CASH SWEEPS
Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$44.00 each in respect of both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during office hours.
Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 15th May, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.
Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the first race on 18th May, 1959, may be obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices at:
Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street, Hong Kong on:
Week-days, Mondays to Fridays... 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 9th May... 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.
Saturday, 10th May... 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.
Monday, 10th May... 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.
King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on:
Week-days, Mondays to Fridays... 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday, 9th May... 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.
Saturday, 10th May... 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.
By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOED,
Secretary.
Hong Kong, 9th May, 1959.

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Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until May 15, 1959.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail, My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into account his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is:

of the..... Club.

(Signed)

SPORTS PERSONALITIES

BILL COLLEDGE

One Of Colony's
Great All-Round
Sportsmen

By ANDREW SLOAN



For this week's sports personality, instead of taking one of the younger sportsmen or women, we have decided to look back a few years, and interview a sportsman who both played for and against the Colony shortly before the war.

Let me introduce William Henry Edgar Colledge, better known locally as "Bill."

Bill came to Hongkong with the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1932, from Shanghai, where he had been stationed with the Force for a year.

He recalls, "The day I arrived I played hockey for the RAMC in a Junior Shield Match against HMSA, Midway. We ran out winners in that match and I was lucky enough to get both goals."

Started With A Bang

"The next day, I found myself playing cricket for the Army against the Hongkong Cricket Club. At the end of our innings I had scored 90 not out. So Bill certainly started his sports in the Colony with a bang. It could be considered an even bigger bang, because in the newspapers the following day Lance Corporal Colledge found he had been promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel!"

During the next year, Bill continued to play hockey and cricket. Then in 1934, he went down to Macao with the RAMC team where they played the Portuguese Colony at hockey. The RAMC spoiled the proud record of the Portuguese team by defeating them at home for the first time. The Medics won 2-1, and it was Bill whose flashing stick brought the goals.

The same year, he tried his hand at swimming in the annual cross harbour race. At that time it was organised by the Military authorities. "I managed to place ninth in that race. The first eight places were taken by swimmers of the South Wales Borderers team."

Interport Colours

In 1935 Bill decided to leave the Army. He joined the Import and Export Department of the Hongkong Government. Being in the Government, he turned his sporting inclinations to the cricket field again and

played with the Civil Service Cricket Club. "We had our ups and downs in that team, but I was always down," he said with a smile.

Bill gained his Colony Interport colours the same year when he opened the Colony batting with J.E. (Dicky) Richardson, and also kept wicket.

Bill Colledge was born and educated in India. He went to the Lawrence Royal Military School at Sandhurst, which was then one of the leading hockey schools in India. He represented the school at cricket and also shooting. At that time he held the Empire Marksman's certificate.

He left India in 1923 at the age of 17, for the U.K. There he trained to be a pharmacist, but joined the RAMC in 1929. After six years in the Army he joined the Hongkong Government.

Terrific Job

Bill was secretary of the Civil Service team and each week, he said, it used to be a terrific job to get teams to play even friendly matches. "We used to end up with 19 players, a groundsman and a couple of dogs."

During the occupation, he was interned here. Just after the war, the Hongkong Cricket Club were faced with a dilemma. The Army wanted their cricket ground. Unless it was used for cricket, the Army were going to take it over.

Fortunately, the No. 1 boy of the club had stored away all the cricket gear and looked after it. The Japanese were here. "Harry Owen-Hughes, in single and shorts, led the HKCC team out onto the field, where we played a token game against the Army. The result is of no real consequence, but we proved to the Army that the ground

would be used for cricket." Bill has been with his favourite game, even with age catching on. He has been an umpire for a number of seasons now. From that point of view I asked him to comment and compare on the standard of cricket, then and now.

"Well, I don't think the present standard of cricket in the Colony approaches what it used to be. There are two reasons for this I think," he said. "Firstly, there is not nearly as much money spent on cricket nowadays as there used to be. And secondly, there are not so many interport matches now."

Hole-In-One

He added, "Then there is the question of individual sports, as against team games. The individual sports seem to attract the younger people away from team games like cricket, and so these sports suffer."

In 1949 two years after he started golf, Bill hit a hole-in-one on the Fanning course. You know, with advancing years (putting his expanding waist-line with a smile) golf is becoming an attractive sport. Especially the 10th, and 27th holes.

Five years ago, Bill, after a number of years of lawn bowls, with the aid of Frank Howarth and Bill Cowie ("and many bottles of beer") became the Colony triples champions.

Bill will be retiring from Government in a few weeks. He leaves on June 4 to spend one year's leave before retirement. "I will probably go to Jersey, Lisbon and India," he said, "but I haven't yet decided where to settle down. All I know is that I am going all out to enjoy that first year of leave."

LAWN BOWLS SEASON STARTS TODAY

The 1959 Colony lawn bowls season officially opens today with a full programme of league matches in all the three divisions.

After Hongkong's experience in the last Empire Games, it is pleasing to note that a greater number of younger players will be seen in action this year and that the average age of participants in the first division will probably be about the lowest that there has been.

Quite a few clubs have translated the call for young blood into action, but there are still a number who are relying on the old-timers to carry them through to the season's top honours.

In the main, the coming season will see interesting competition not only among clubs for the various division titles but also between the young and old sets of Colony lawn bowlers.

Happy Valley Club and with green advantage on their side, look good for a 4-1 victory in the opening match.

In The Running

Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Indian Recreation Club will most likely be the other two teams that will be in the running for the championship. The Bowling Club will be guests of Takoo, who like the

Kowloon Docks will no doubt again prove to be the season's "giant-killers". KBGC have

about the same team as last year and if they play true to form, should be capable of registering a 4-1 opening win. Kowloon Dock Club have always played well on their own green and with a strengthened team this year will probably have little difficulty in accounting for IRC "B" at Hung Hom.

By

ROBERT TAY

Newly promoted Filipino Club will take on KCC at Cox Road. The cricketers are fielding an experimental team this year and do not appear to be as strong as they have been in previous years. A close match should be seen with home team enjoying a slight edge.

Not So Easy

Not to be taken lightly among the first division teams this year are Recoelo "B", consisting mainly of Recoelo's old-timers. On their day they can be a match for any first division team and their clash against IRC "A" this afternoon may not be such an easy game for the Indian as many may expect.

Today's Games

First Division

Recoelo "A" v. CCC

TC v. KBGC

KCC v. IRC "B"

KCC v. FC

IRC "A" v. Recoelo "B"

IRC "B" v. KCC

CCC v. IRC "A"

FC v. HKPSA

HKCC v. HKFC

KCC v. SC

USRC (bye)

Third Division

CCC v. IRC

HERC v. HKCC

HKCC v. KBGC

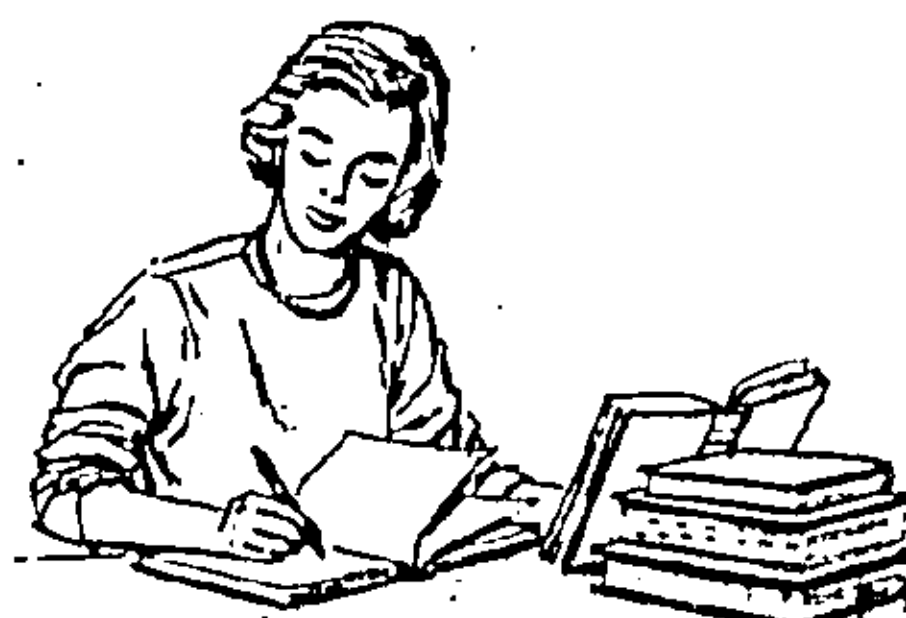
KCC v. SC

TC (bye)



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Softball League Review
SURPRISES GALORE IN
MEN'S SENIOR LEAGUE

By OLLY VAS

Surprise results in senior league games were the rule rather than the exception during the past season.

As an indication of how evenly matched the teams were, not a single game was curtailed at the end of the fifth inning.

There were only two walk-overs given, these after the championship had already been decided. "No game went" into extra time and there were two shut-outs, both through superb pitching by the season's Most Valuable Player Vic Pedruco of the Braves.

The champions, Ed Corvalho's Braves staged a fighting comeback after two shock defeats early in the season to deservedly win the Senior title but not without some stiff opposition from arch-rivals St. Joseph's.

When the Chyennas upset the Braves 10-8 and the South China boys took a 7-4 decision, all pennant hopes died out. Then to make it worse the US Navy's "Pickaway" team edged them 3-2. But Vic Pedruco led them to win the crucial play-off game against the Saints and this capped the championship for his side. The team rallied magnificently behind Pedruco's steady hurling to win a great uphill battle. A terrific rally by a grand team!

'Hard Luck Team'

The Saints did not do so well this year. Pitcher Sallen seems able to toss a good game only when his side is ahead. The Jays scraped through a few 'easy' matches. L. C. Poon, Memo Xavier and George Ribeiro lent good support ably aided by veterans Omar, Charlie, Bucks and the agile Dave Leonard. The Saints will live to fight another day, have no fear of that.

The title of "Hard Luck Team of the Year" goes to South China AA. They were put off

their stride early in the season by the Chyennas who upset them 4-2. The inclusion of sluggers Ray Lamontagne and Douglas Murray plus the reliable arm of "Goose" Wong raised pennant hopes. The Pandas and then the U.S. Navy also beat them unexpectedly to knock them out of the race for the title. This is a team that certainly deserved a better fate than being runners-up.

Team With Future

Robert Remedios' Chyennas gave some of the top teams a real scare. Two upset victories over the Braves and SCAA plus a net-upset against the Saints earned them a spot mid-way in the final league standings. They can console themselves with a batting title through Danny Gossno who showed a lot of hitting power and was second in the MVP voting too.

Dave Malig and Oupre Souza caught the eye with some fine pitching and fielding. A very young, fast-moving side, still a little inexperienced but one with a future in the game. If they stick together, The Spinnies graduated to the Senior section after a few years in the minor division. They lacked a suitable hurler. Apart from this glaring weak-

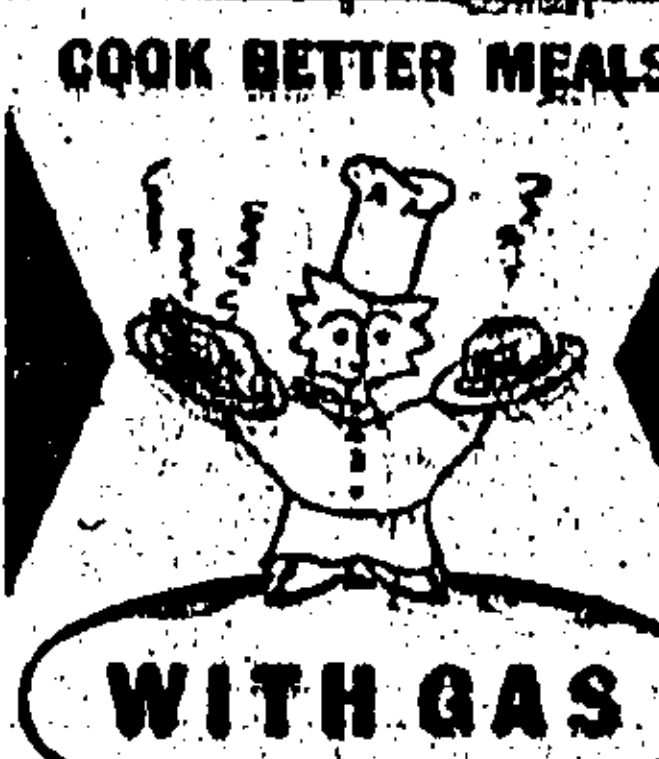
ness they can take pride in some of the fine performances they put up. They put up strong resistance against the Saints twice. In Lionel Dayaram I feel that they have the season's best outfielder.

A Lot To Learn

The Pandas were a big disappointment. Junior Pang took over moulting duties from retired Jackie Wei but Junior still has an awful lot to learn about pacing himself over seven innings. It's about time the Pandas rose above the title they have gained as "good losers". Their only notable achievement was their fine victory over SCAA.

As for the US Navy they could not put the same fine old every week because of shilly movements. They shared the bottom rung of the ladder with the Pandas. Their sloppy fielding contributed to their poor showings. Like the Pandas they had one great victory tucked under their belts, when they triumphed over the Braves. To sum it up it has been a very pleasant playing season for all concerned. Some "tough" matches were witnessed and fans were kept in doubt as to who would eventually win the Commissioner's trophy - as they should be every season.

THE GAMBOLS . . . By Barry Appleby



CHINA MAIL

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1959.

Britain May Send Arms To Iraq

<u>Japan/Pacific Service in 1959</u>							
<u>WESTBOUND</u>							
	<u>Lve: Ymc.</u>	<u>San. Fran.</u>	<u>Los Angeles</u>	<u>Honolulu</u>	<u>Yokohama</u>	<u>Kobe</u>	<u>arr: Hongkong</u>
"HIMALAYA" (27,955 tons)	24th Aug.	20-27th Aug.	28-29 Aug	2nd Sept.	10-11th Sept.	12-13th Sept	14th Sept.
<u>EASTBOUND</u>							
	<u>Lve: Hongkong.</u>	<u>Kobe</u>	<u>Yokohama</u>	<u>Honolulu</u>	<u>Vancouver</u>	<u>arr: San Francisco</u>	
"CHUSAN" (24,215 tons)	12th May	—	10th May	23rd May	28-29th May	31st May	(Cruises then leaves S.F. 20 June for U.K. via Panama.)
"ORCADES" (28,396 tons)	7th Nov.	10th Nov.	11-13th Nov.	19th Nov.	24-25th Nov.	27th Nov.	(Continues to Sydney via New Zealand.)